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THE MONK AND HIS WHITE CAT.

(After an Eighth Century Irish Poem recorded
by Professor Kuno Meyer in his "Ancient Irish
Poetry.")

Pangur, my white cat, and I,
Silent ply our special crafts;
Hunting mice his one pursuit,
Mine to shoot keen spirit shafts.

Rest I love, all Fame beyond,
In the bond of some rare book;
Yet white Pangur from his play
Casts, my way, no jealous look.

Thus alone within one cell
Safe we dwell—not dull the tale—
Since his ever-favorite sport
Each to court will never fall.

Now a mouse to swell his spoils
In his toils he spears with skill; ,
Now a meaning deeply thought
I have caught with startled thrill.

Now his green full-shining gaze
Darts its rays against the wall;
Now my feebler glances mark
Through the dark bright knowledge
fall.

Leaping up with joyful purr,
In mouse fur his sharp claw sticks;
Problems difficult and dear
With my spear I, too, transfix.

Crossing not each other's will,
Diverse, still, yet still allied,
Following each his own lone ends,
Constant friends we here abide.

Pangur, master of his art,
Plays his part in pranksome youth;
While in age sedate I clear
Shadows from the sphere of Truth.
Alfred Perceval Graves.

The Spectator.

"BEHOLD, THIS DREAMER COM-
ETH."

All ye, who would have wheat in years
of blight,
Cry out for visions in the night,
For power to dream, and dream
aright.

When, fair as dawn upon Parnassus'
snows,
Foam-born Aphrodite rose,
What was she but a dream that
froze?

The dreams of Rome as thunderbolts
were hurled,
As eagle's pinions were unfurled,
Until their quarry was the world.

The Hebrews dreamed, and bright with
gold and gem,
For Sion's brow a diadem,
Stood Heaven's type—Jerusalem.

The Christians dreamed, and lo! their
Christ, their Head,
Whom waking wisdom held as dead
Comes daily to their altar bread.

And not with sneers but with the trump
and drum
Shall men announce that dreamers
come,
When they shall see of dreams the
sum.

Then ye, who would have wheat in
years of blight,
Cry out for visions in the night,
For power to dream, and dream
aright.

Anna Bunston.

LOUGHAREEMA.

Loughareema, Loughareema,
Lies so high among the heather,
A little lough, a dark lough,
The wather's black and deep.
Ould herons go a-fishing there,
And saygulls altogether
Float round the one green island
And the fairy lough asleep.

Loughareema, Loughareema,
When the sun goes down at seven,
When the hills are dark and airy,
'Tis a curlew whistles sweet;
Then something rustles all the reeds
That stand so thick and even,
A little wave runs up the shore,
And flees as if on feet.

Maira O'Neill.

SHAKESPEARE OR X?

The idea that Francis Bacon was the author of the plays and poems of William Shakspere, Shakespeare, Shakespeare, or Shaxper (by any other spelling he will smell as sweet), arose sixty years ago, in the distraught brain of a Miss Della Bacon of America. Like the Darwinian theory, which occurred simultaneously to Mr. Darwin and to Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the "Baconian" theory also uprushed into the mind, not only of Miss Bacon, but of a Mr. Smith of English birth. For long it was dear only to the quarter-educated, and was supported by their innocent audacity of ignorance, and their discoveries of "ciphers" in which Bacon not only revealed the secret of his authorship, but displayed an unexpected vein of lunacy. He declared that he "was kep' out of his own," and was rightful king of England! "F. Rex" he signs himself in Mrs. Gallup's latest volume of revelations.

"There is a sane spot in every man's brain," and in hunting for ciphers the Baconians proved themselves no exceptions to the rule. For, if Bacon were sane, and if he secretly composed the Shakespearean plays, he would assuredly leave behind him (as Scott did) some vindication of his authorship, so the Baconians do well to look for it. But the new claimant, the somebody else, or X, whom I am to discuss, left no evidence whatever; died and made no sign.

Meanwhile, as I have read in some work of the Baconian sect, the sturdy intelligences of Lord Palmerston, Mr. Bright, Mr. Whittier (the American poet), Mark Twain, and other minute scholars, were sure of one thing—namely, that, whoever wrote the plays and poems, Shakespeare of Stratford did not.

This opinion coincides with the fash-

ionable tendency of the Higher Criticism. Whoever wrote the Epistles of St. Paul, St. Paul did not; whoever composed the Iliad, it was not Homer, nor any other great poet, and so on. Consequently, in obedience to authority, many people have made up their minds that Shakespeare did not write any of the works attributed to him. Some acquiesce in this opinion with reluctance. One, "a very good neighbor and a good bowler," lately told me that the Shakespeare game was up. "Why?" I asked. "Somebody told me so who had read Mr. Greenwood's book," he said (meaning "The Shakespeare Problem Restated," by G. G. Greenwood, M.P., barrister-at-law). "Tell your friend it is all nonsense," I replied, "and read Mr. Greenwood's book for yourself." My friend brightened up and said I was his comforter, but expressed no intention of reading anybody's book.

There may be many other persons who would be sorry to give up "good Will," yet distrust their own powers of grappling with Mr. Greenwood's portly volume of 523 pages. People dip into such books, are lost, find the same strange arguments constantly reiterated, and are hypnotized into consent. To such souls I sing! But I must first say that Mr. Greenwood is no more a Baconian than Crummles was a Prussian. He is untainted by belief in ciphers and cryptograms. His author has left no claim to authorship. Mr. Greenwood merely cannot believe that a rustic from a dirty town, an actor, a bookless man, wrote the plays and poems attributed by his contemporaries to Shakespeare. Mr. Greenwood attributes them to a busy philanthropist, a transcendent poet, a polished courtier, a master of the law, a nameless being whom I shall style X, for short.

The Stratford man, we are told, could not acquire the author's vast knowledge of things in general; his great reading in the Latin tongue, his polish, his familiarity with terms of law, and be the author of the works attributed to William Shakespeare. Consequently some other man was.

Now it is perfectly true that from documents of the period we know very little about Shakespeare. Look at "Shakespeare, Life and Plays," by Mr. Saintsbury, in Volume V. of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" (1910), and compare the long and learned lives of Shakespeare by Halliwell-Phillipps, Sir Sidney Lee, and many others. The "Lives" are "such stuff as dreams are made of," though invaluable studies of Elizabethan society and literature. As to facts, we have, says Mr. Saintsbury, "a skeleton which is itself far from complete, and which, in most points, can only be clothed with the flesh of human and literary interest by the most perilous process of conjecture." We are not absolutely sure of the identity of Shakespeare's father, nor of his wife's, his name is not (nor is any other boy's) in a list of pupils at Stratford School. We seldom know when any of his plays was first produced, or first composed, and in his will he says no more about his books than did the learned and judicious Hooker.

"Almost all the commonly received stuff of his life-story is shreds and patches of tradition, if not positive dream-work." Some of these legends were inserted by Rowe in the first biography of the poet, nearly a century and a half after his birth.

Mr. Greenwood can struggle against the opinion that, in 1502, Greene, the novelist and dramatist, alluded to Shakespeare as "Shake-scene," the "Johannes Factotum," in his own opinion "the only Shake-scene in a country," who "supposes he is as well able

to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you." "You" are the dramatic authors to whom Greene is writing, and certainly Greene says that this "Shake-scene," in his own conceit, can bombast out blank verses as well as they.

Shake-scene is an author; he is also an actor, for he is attacked in a general assault on the actors, "those apes" who are accused of scurvy treatment of their authors. I have not a grain of doubt that Greene was aiming at Shakespeare as author-actor. Even Mr. Greenwood—in his long effort to prove that "Shakspeare" the actor, was one man, and that the unknown genius (call him X) who used "William Shakespeare" or "Shakespeare" as a *nom de guerre*, was another man—admits that the words "he supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you," "do seem to have the implication" that "the player is holding himself out as a writer also." They can imply nothing else, but let us suppose that some other actor-author is the "Shake-scene" of Greene! The sceptics, like other sceptics, are easily credulous of improbabilities which it suits them to believe.

There are a number of allusions to Shakespeare, the poet, in the literature of his time. The sceptics take this line in reply: they urge that the Shakespeare who is a poet is not said explicitly, in many of the allusions, to be Shakespere the actor. Mr. Greenwood even insists that "William Shakespeare" was an excellent *nom de guerre* for a concealed author to assume, at a moment when a William that spelled his name "Shakspeare" was notoriously an actor, and was the only William Shakspeare before the public in London.

Now suppose that our age were an age of loose arbitrary spelling of proper names. Would it be wise in a great dramatic poet, courtier, lawyer, phil-

osopher, anxious to conceal his identity, to sign himself "Cyril Maude," or "Charles Windham?" Why should the author—a most retiring person—lead the world to suppose that he was Mr. Cyril Maude, or Sir Charles Wyndham, especially if these were illiterate men manifestly incapable of great poetry? There would be endless trouble and confusion; and if either Mr. Maude or Sir Charles Wyndham were an unlearned rustic, a bookless man (as Mr. Greenwood's Shakspeare was), while the plays of the Unknown were full of classical allusions, everyone would see through the clumsy imposture. But there is not a solitary tittle of evidence that, in Shakespeare's time, or till Miss Della Bacon's, any mortal ever doubted his authorship. Yet the actor went about among men of all degrees; he was no hermit.

When contemporaries of Shakespeare wrote about Shakespeare's plays and poems, they had no reason to add, "We mean the plays and poems of Mr. William Shakspeare of My Lord of Leicester's servants, or of the King's servants." *There was no other William Shakespeare in the public eye*, everyone concerned with the stage and literature knew well who William Shak—any spelling you please—was.

Mr. Greenwood does not seem to understand that an important actor in the greatest dramatic company of the age, one of the King's servants, a groom of the Royal Bedchamber, was a notable figure in the town; and that, as no other William Shakespeare or Shakspeare was notable, critics who wrote about William Shakespeare's plays did not need to tell their readers who William Shakespeare was, did not need to say "we mean the actor."

When, now and then, a critic or poet does explicitly mention the actor William as identical with William the poet, Mr. Greenwood tries to explain his evidence away, and fails. Thus the Cam-

bridge wits about 1597-1601 in their comedies, "The Pilgrimage to and Return from Parnassus," in their references to Shakespeare, "seem to convey the notion that Shakespeare is the favorite of the rude half-educated strolling players" (and of the ignorant braggart Gullio, who delights in his Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet"), "as distinguished from the refined geniuses of the University." So Mr. Greenwood quotes Mr. Mullinger, and both are right. The University wags do not recognize Shakespeare as a man of "much learning"; they leave that to Mr. Greenwood. It was the old quarrel of University and non-University writers.

As a gentleman of Oxford, in "Blackwood's Magazine," called Keats an apothecary's boy, and bade him "go back to his gallipots," so one of the Cambridge wits tells us of Ben Jonson "that he were better betake himself to his old art of bricklaying," he is "as confident now in making a book, as he was in times past in laying a brick." Yet Ben, though of neither University, was a scholar, and received his Master's degree from both Oxford and Cambridge.

Shakespeare, no University man, is represented by the Cambridge scholars as the favorite poet of the foolish ignorant braggart Gullio, who quotes from "Romeo and Juliet," as well as from "Venus and Adonis." "We shall have nothing but pure Shakespeare and shreds of poetrie that he hath gathered at the theatres," says Ingenioso, the Cambridge sniffer. Burbage, the chief tragic actor, and Kempe, the clown of Shakespeare's company, are introduced; they are looking for Cambridge recruits—"it may be besides they will be able to pen a part," says Burbage. The clown says no, "few of the University pen plays well. . . . Why here, our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down, aye, and Ben Jonson

too." It is absolutely certain that these Cambridge men represent the actor, Shakespeare, as the poet of his company, "putting down" both the University playwrights and Ben Jonson. The sniffers, themselves, of course, do not believe in this superiority.

The University wits thus attest the general belief that the author of plays and poems is the actor Shakespeare, Mr. Greenwood does not explain why Kempe says that his fellow-actor "puts down" all the University playwrights, if his fellow-actor is not a playwright himself.

When Weever, a Cambridge man (1599), ascribes "Romeo" printed "Romea") and "Richard," "and more whose names I know not" to the author of "Adonis" and "Lucrece," Mr. Greenwood takes the advice of the Scottish preacher, as regards a Scriptural difficulty—he "faces it boldly and passes on." Weever does mention "Romeo" and "Richard." Mr. Greenwood's power of explaining away deserts him. When Davies writes lines to "our English Terence, Mr. Will Shakespeare." "Good Will," who "had played some kingly parts in sport," Mr. Greenwood is reduced to say, "Indeed John Davies seems to have the player in his mind rather than the poet." It is plain that, if he had only an actor in his mind, Davies could not call him "our English Terence"—that is, the chief of English writers of comedy. Did Davies, perchance, mentally separate the two? asks Mr. Greenwood. No; he identified the two. He said that, in the opinion of some, had "our English Terence" *not* "played some kingly parts in sport," he might have been "a companion for a king." Identification, and appreciation, of the actor-player cannot be more precise.

Mr. Greenwood, in a controversy with Canon Beeching, thinks it odd that Davies, in referring to Terence, "should have looked upon the player

. . . as a writer of comedies only."

Was Davies to hitch Seneca, also, or Sophocles, into his rhymes? And does the panegyrist of the comedies of Shakespeare in the preface to "Trollius and Cressida" (1609) say anything about Shakespeare's tragedies? Mr. Greenwood thinks that this preface-writer was Ben Jonson. Such arguments are, in Baillie's phrase, "niggle-naggies."

Such pleas as Mr. Greenwood's might conceivably puzzle a common jury; in the minds of educated readers they can produce only one effect. The advocate has no case, so far; in Shakespeare's time the world identified the Poet with the Actor. The Cambridge wits, Davies, and Weever, say so explicitly. The other writers on Shakespeare as a poet take the identity of poet and actor for granted. If to-day we wrote of our dramatic poets Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Shaw, we would not waste time in saying what Mr. Shaw or Mr. Galsworthy we meant. Francis Meres, in his "Palladis Tamia," mentions numbers of contemporary authors, including Shakespeare. He does not "identify" them by telling us who they are. He takes it for granted that everyone knows.

"What we require," says Mr. Greenwood, speaking of "contemporary records," "is evidence to establish the identity of the player with the poet and dramatist. . . . *That* is the proposition to be established, and *that* the allusions fail, as it appears to me, to prove. At any rate, they could not disprove the theory that the true authorship was hidden under a pseudonym."

This last remark starts a new hare; a new question is introduced. The old question, did Elizabethan writers identify the actor with the poet is quietly dropped; a fresh question is quietly introduced. A wilderness of allusions could not *prove* the identity of

player and actor. The whole world of letters might believe in it, and might be victims of an imposture. But the allusions do prove that the actor and player were regarded as identical by Weever, Davies, and the University authors, to take no more cases, and there is no shadow of a hint that any man ever doubted.

Mr. Greenwood's first string breaks. His second string, that this belief was mistaken—that the world of letters was deceived—involves the existence of an impossible undetected conspiracy of some eighteen years' duration between the actor "William Shakspeare," who receives the plays from X the great Unknown, and X, the author, who uses "William Shakespeare" as a "pseudonym."

May I use "G. G. Greenwoode" as a pseudonym when I write on Shakespeare? "William Shakespeare" in an age of arbitrary spelling when a "William Shakspeare" filled the public eye, is not a "pseudonym"—it is an assumption of a real and well-known name and personality.

If an unknown man, X, signed his poems "William Shakespeare," when another "William Shakspeare" was before the world, the world *must* confuse the two men, and the belief that poet and player were one (if they were not) could only establish itself by a conspiracy; by the actor's collusion. But the actor's intimates and friends, the players and Ben Jonson, believed that the actor was the dramatic poet. (This is not denied, of the actors; it is denied, or doubted, of Ben.) Consequently the actor put off on the players the plays of the Unknown, of X, and Ben and the players were deceived; *they* had no doubt. It follows that the actor, in their opinion, was not Mr. Greenwood's rustic bookless man, but a man who displayed, in private life, the qualities and the knowledge that shine in his dramas.

Mr. Saintsbury writes that "the more impartially, the more patiently, and the more respectfully, so far as regards the laws of critical and legal evidence, we examine the results of Halliwell-Phillips and of Sir Sidney Lee, the more convinced do we, in some cases, at least, become that almost the whole matter is "a great Perhaps," except in two points; that one William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon, as a man of letters, was actually the author of the great mass of the work which now goes by his name; and that, as a man, he was liked and respected by nearly all who knew him." Here, at least, as far as Ben Jonson goes, we have an impregnable rock. "The one solid ground on which we can take our stand is supplied by Ben Jonson's famous but mainly undated references," says Mr. Saintsbury. I agree; and Mr. Greenwood has no more shaken the rock, than a limpet can upset a boulder. Nor has he shaken the evidence of the belief of the players. Alayne and Burbage were very intelligent men. If the actor were a man too dull and ignorant to write the plays, they must have known it.

Mr. Greenwood is partly aware of the strength of Ben's evidence, and concludes some fifty-eight pages on this part of his topic by saying that it is a "riddle," that the suit is undetermined, and that Ben's testimony, the Jonsonian riddle, "presents much difficulty whichever side of the controversy we adopt." Now Ben's testimony presents no difficulty, beyond that of some disputed allusions in his plays and verses to some unnamed opponent. The difficulties on which Mr. Greenwood relies in his attempt to cloud over Ben's most clear and explicit statements concerning Shakespeare, by name, are based on Ben's critical inconsistencies. These are to be readily explained in a manner which Mr. Greenwood, I think, neglects—namely, by the study of Ben's

character, moods, and humors. His egoism, his quarrels, his jealousies, his outbursts of spleen, his reconciliations, his humors, his prejudices, his scholarship, his pride in it, his huge contempt of others, his habit, as Professor Thorndike says in the "Cambridge History," of "defending his own plays and censuring a dramatic fashion contrary to his own practice," are all as familiar as any personal traits in literary history. His plays are "representative of carefully considered views which imply a close criticism of much in Shakespeare and the contemporary drama. . . ." "Of Sidney, Spenser, Drayton, Beaumont, and Donne, Jonson has likewise left us words of sharp censure and of ardent praise." I quote Mr. Thorndike, who is not writing about the Shakespearean controversy. From such a man as the good Ben notoriously was (a descendant, it seems of the hard-riding Johnstones, of the Border—the men of "the Lockerby lick"), a fiery, pedantic, good-hearted, pugnacious person, yet a man of a kind friendly heart, we are not to expect unbroken eulogy, or any consistency of view in his remarks about his rival, about the author of the Shakespearean plays (if he were *not* Shakespeare) or about any other man or thing that impinged on Ben in his own line of work.

Remember that Ben, born nine or ten years later than Shakespeare, found Shakespeare (or Mr. Greenwood's X) in great fame as a dramatist, when, in 1598, his own "Every Man in his Humor" was acted by Shakespeare's company with much success. But by 1599-1600 Ben had picked a violent quarrel with the actors, and with rival dramatists. He exploded in two attacks on them, "Cynthia's Revels" and "The Poetaster" full of personal allusions and invectives which are now obscure. In "The Poetaster" (1600) he speaks of the actors as "apes" and of a "Poet ape," by which, in my opinion,

he means "Actor-poets"; and probably had Shakespeare in his mind. He also wrote (about this time, I conceive, though nothing is certain) an epigram on "Poet ape": "Poor Poet ape who would be thought our chief." This ape's works, however, are the old-clothes shop ("frippery") of wit. He began his career by "making low shifts," "picking," "gleaning," and "buying reversions of old plays." Now he has grown "to a little wealth and credit on the scene," and has become a bold and impudent plagiarist, "takes up all, makes each man's wealth his own." But any man, with half an eye, can tell "a whole fleece" (that is "one man's work") "from locks of wool, and shreds from the whole piece."

As Shakespeare, by 1600, was the only playwright (if we except Ben in his own opinion) who could be regarded as the "chief" contemporary dramatist; as he began his career by re-writing and working over older plays; as he had "grown to some wealth and credit" by his "works"; Ben clearly aims at Shakespeare and his works"; Ben then, like the rivals of Molière later, accuses Shakespeare of wholesale plagiarism, the usual taunt of the angry and the envious. Ben was laughed at for speaking of his own plays as "works"; he applies the same term to Shakespeare's plays, or to the plays which passed under Shakespeare's name. Consequently, even if their author were not Shakespeare, and if Ben knew that, Ben contemned these works, and so is equally inconsistent in his later eulogy of them, whether Shakespeare or X were the author.

After 1600, Ben had some thirty-five years in which he might say things about Shakespeare. In the year of that poet's death (1616) he reprinted both "Poet-Ape" and "The Poetaster" in his first folio. The old feud was long over, but Ben was not going to

part with any of his "works." In 1619, when Drummond of Hawthornden led him to speak of poetry, Drummond notes that he talked of Shakespeare's lack of art, and laughed at his famous "sea coast of a Bohemia," co-existent with the flourishing days of Apollo's oracle at Delphi! If Ben knew that the author of the "Winter's Tale" was Mr. Greenwood's all-accomplished X, then Ben thought X deficient in art, and guilty of a ludicrous anachronism; yet in panegyric verses he praised the art of the author—a great point with Mr. Greenwood. But Mr. Greenwood thinks that Ben, in an anonymous preface to "Troilus and Cressida" (1600), and perhaps in the character of Virgil in "The Poetaster," recognizes a great unknown X, as the true author of the Shakespearean works. If so, in 1619 he derided this X, and is here as inconsistent with his great eulogy of "my Beloved, Mr. William Shakespeare," in his panegyric verses attached to the Folio of 1623, as if he derided Shakespeare.

In fact, Ben was a man of moods and humors. In writing a panegyric, Ben, as any reader of his recommendatory verses sees, was unsparing in eulogy. But even in this generous mood Ben was too much of a pedant to neglect stating of Shakespeare "Thou hadst small Latin and less Greek"! Whereas Mr. Greenwood's X had great quantities of Latin and not a little Greek! To get away from this difficulty Mr. Greenwood has to suppose that while Ben is really praising, not his actor friend, but X, he throws a sly gibe at the ignorance of his actor friend, his "small Latin." What a complex incredible hypothesis is this! Finally Ben spoke, in his panegyric (1623) of Shakespeare's well-filed lines, to write which a man must sweat and strike the second heat (beat?) upon the Muse's anvil. Mr. Greenwood finds this inconsistent with Ben's final leg-

acy of remarks on Shakespeare left "to posterity," after 1626, and published in "Timber, or Discoveries," after his death. Here Ben remarks: "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that, in his writing, whatever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, 'Would he had blotted a thousand! which they thought a malevolent speech.'"

"Halte là," as Mr. Greenwood says.

He, and others, credit Ben with the authorship of the preface to the Folio of 1623, signed by Shakespeare's friends, Heminge and Condell, the actors. In any case, as if speaking for themselves, Heminge and Condell say: "We have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Now the contents of the Folio, says the preface, were *collected* and published by Shakespeare's friends, the actors. It may not be too audacious to suggest that the writer of the Preface makes in his mind a distinction between such materials as were "collected" (much of them from the better printed quartos), and such papers as "we have received from him," from Shakespeare himself. These last—these papers—might, perhaps naturally would, be "fair copies" as unblotted as the MSS. of the Waverley Novels, in which Scott rarely makes an erasure or addition.

The players in the Preface are advertising their text as much better than "the stolen and surreptitious copies maimed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them." Their texts "are cured and perfect of their limbs . . . and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them." As a fact, some of the plays are from the quartos, and when the text in "Hamlet" is not that of the quarto, it is more often worse than better.

If I might try to interpret a statement as confused as Tudor writing

often is, I would suggest that the materials "collected" were quartos and scratch stage-manuscripts, and that the players represent these as now "cured and perfect in their limbs," though imperfect they are. "All the rest" are the "papers received" from Shakespeare, fair copies, with scarce a blot.

I venture, like Mr. A. W. Pollard in his "Shakespeare's Quartos and Folios" (1909), to dissent from the view of the Cambridge editors and Mr. Greenwood that the players were, consciously, guilty of *suggestio falsi*—they had done a kind of editing of what materials they had collected, and magnified their performance. But, as to the MSS. with "scarce a blot" as to "all the rest, absolute in their numbers," I think the players actually believed that, in papers received from Shakespeare, they had his own manuscripts, probably "fair copies." That this was their opinion I infer from Ben's statement—in his "Timber or Discoveries."

"I remember the players *have often mentioned* it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatever he penned) he never blotted out a line." It was their constant boast, they "*often mentioned it.*" Ben's memory, when he wrote his prose notes, had become untrustworthy. I need not give the obvious examples—he attributes to Homer what Homer never said, and to Orpheus what Homer did say; so certainty on our part is impossible. But Ben says that in answer to the players' repeated boast "my answer hath been, 'would that he had blotted a thousand.'" Clearly he never said, "Show me these papers," which, I have little doubt, had been destroyed or tossed away when once the Folio was published. I know even too well how carelessly men of all kinds, even scholars, have treated MSS. which had served their purpose. The thing is notorious.

These points are only of importance

to me for one reason. I believe that Ben, whether he wrote this confused part of the Preface or not, whether it is a clumsy interpolation by the players or not, knew no more about their papers received from Shakespeare than what they told him. He was knowingly party to no falsehood; even to one of "the many falsehoods that are justifiable"—in Mr. Greenwood's opinion.

Mr. Greenwood is rather lenient to such fibs. He can only try to get rid of Ben's explicit and repeated evidence to Shakespeare's authorship of the plays by suggesting that Ben was entrusted by X (too busy to do his work himself) with the editing of the Folio; that Ben *knew* that Shakespeare was not the author, that he was sworn to secrecy, and that, in place of being silent, he (as it seems to me) shamefully lied. For if Ben, in his verses in the Folio, and in his "Discoveries," averred that Shakespeare, the dead man, was his "beloved"; that this dead man was the author of the plays, and "the glory of the age"; and if Ben did this "with his tongue in his cheek" (to quote Mr. Greenwood); if, when he spoke of Shakespeare's "small Latin" he amused himself by girding at the actor, not at the real poet (X); if in his "Discoveries," addressing "posterity," and proclaiming "mine own candor," he again declared his beloved dead friend to be the author, Ben was not indulging merely in one of the "many justifiable falsehoods" condoned by Mr. Greenwood. He was acting as even an incredibly false and unfeeling knave might well scruple to act.

The conduct attributed to Ben by Mr. Greenwood is no parallel to such fibs as good men have thought justifiable. A person who knows that Charles II. is concealed in the oak is asked by a Roundhead, "Where is the man Charles Stuart?" He answers, "I don't know." He prefers to risk his

soul with God, rather than his King's body with the Puritans. You may argue till you are tired as to whether the fiction is justifiable or not. Justifiable or not, I would have told it. On the other hand, had I been Scott, I do not feel certain that I could have roundly and categorically denied the authorship of the novels. Scott himself, he tells us, usually "hedged" thus, "and I would deny it even if I were the author."

But Ben's supposed case is entirely different from Scott's. If he held the secret of X's authorship, he had only to be silent. There is not a hint that anybody suspected X. Nobody was asking Ben, "Did *you* write the plays?" In these circumstances what conceivable motive had Ben for insisting, in verse in 1823, and in prose dedicated to posterity and unpublished in his lifetime, that his friend Shakespeare, the actor, was the author of the plays? Scott had his own motives, not too clear even to himself, for denial, but he took elaborate legal proceedings to prove his authorship. Conceive him permitting Lockhart to state publicly, after Miss Austen's death, that *she* was the author of the *Waverley Novels*! Ben, on Mr. Greenwood's showing, acted as in that case Lockhart would have done, and thought his fibs "justifiable." There is not even a shadow of motive for his lies. Nobody was annoying Ben, even, with inquiries as to who the author was. Ben had no conceivable reason for lying to posterity. He could not anticipate the scepticism of Mr. Greenwood or the belief of Miss Della Bacon. His lies, if he lied, are as devoid of motive as of justification. But Mr. Greenwood believed that he fabled, and thought his words justifiable; and though faith can move mountains, argument cannot move faith.

The oft-repeated boast of the players about the MSS. bored and irritated Ben. His reply would be, he always

answered them, "would he had blotted a thousand!" One can hear him roll out the phrase. He goes on, "I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to recommend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest and of an open and free nature. . . ." He proceeds to applaud Shakespeare's ideas, "wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes" (like an orator mentioned by Augustus) "it was necessary he should be stopped," whether in conversation, in wit-combats, or in composition (when the necessity for "stopping" could only be pointed out by a critic later) is unimportant. "His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things that could not escape laughter" ("sad stuff in Shakespeare," said George III. to Fanny Burney), and here Ben misquotes from memory, or from a lost text, or from an actor's blunder, a passage in "Julius Cæsar."

Mr. Greenwood alleges that "player Shakspeare is here identified with author Shakespeare, and we thus have it in Jonson's testimony that the players looked upon William Shakespeare, the actor, as the author of the plays," and then Mr. Greenwood runs off to the unblotted MSS. But we have also here Ben's own statement that Shakespeare was the author of "Julius Cæsar," and that Ben loved him, and honored his memory.

Nothing can be more explicit.

Mr. Greenwood's attempts to disable Ben by suggesting that he was the editor of the first Folio, by the request of X, the author, who was too "busy"; that he knew, under pledge of secrecy, that Shakespeare was *not* the author; that to keep the secret Ben fabled in his panegyric verses and in his

last words to posterity; that in speaking of Shakespeare's "small Latin," Ben hit at the actor, not at the true and learned author X; that, in writing "with his tongue in his cheek" about his beloved dead friend (an infamy), Ben did no worse than Scott when he denied the authorship of the *Waverley Novels*—all this of Mr. Greenwood is melancholy reading!

He ralls at the devices of clerical harmonists of the Bible, in a controversy with a clergyman.

Mr. Greenwood puts forward Ben's critical inconsistencies without hinting (as far as I observe) that Ben, a convert to the Church, and then a relapsed, was a man of varying and incongruous moods and humors, and that this and the variety of occasions of speaking and writing, now over the wine with Drummond, again in a set panegyric, in his study; lastly alone, in face of posterity—explain his inconsistencies. But these are equally great, we have seen, whether Ben did or did not know that X was the author.

After all, as we have said, Mr. Greenwood is not satisfied—and no wonder—he leaves Jonson's testimony as an unsolved riddle. "*Davus est, non Œdipus*," in a case where the simplest Theban is *Œdipus* enough.

If X were the author, he is as great an enigma as the actor-poet. Works are printed under his assumed name which he did not write; he makes no sign; only Tom Heywood says that the author is "much offended" on one occasion. Of his manuscripts he takes no keep. He may have been junior to Shakespeare; he may have died before Shakespeare. Why he, a great courtier, lawyer, and poet, began by buying "reversions of old plays," and working them up for a company of actors, who knows? He, a great scholar, puts his hand on an older "*Troilus and Cressida*," he adds some

immortal pearls to that dunghill, but leaves in it the ignorant and odious assaults on Homer's heroes which no scholar can read without pity and regret—a hash made of the mediæval legends and the few translated Books of Homer which Chapman had published (1598). X was no scholar if he thus handled Achilles and *Alas* and Aristotle—who lived before the Trojan war!

That is the point—the author, whoever he was, was no scholar. He had the "small Latin" with which Ben credits him. Into the question of Shakespeare's scholarship I am not going here. If he left a Latin school at thirteen, he left at an age when many boys went to the Universities. If he were not a genius, but a clever boy, he had Latin enough for his purposes; notoriously he always used translations when he could, sometimes with the Latin beside him. As to his other knowledge and accomplishments, if I attribute them to the acquisitive power of genius, I say no more than Shakespeare (or X) thought possible. The Archbishop of Canterbury in "*Henry V.*" (Act. I. scene 1) speaks of the wild Prince turned King:

Never was such a sudden scholar
made . . .

Hear him but reason in divinity
You would desire the King were made
a prelate,

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,

You would say it hath been all in all
his study.

"Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it," for he had roistered by day and by night with Falstaff and Poins. "And never noted him in any study, any retirement, any sequestration from open haunts and popularity." The Bishop of Ely offers a not very intelligible explanation, and the Archbishop says, "It must be so, for mira-

cles are ceased"—a most heterodox remark!

Mr. Greenwood, like the Archbishop, says that "miracles do not happen." The miracle of genius, however, was apparently a surprise to the Archbishop in the play, but I am not surprised that Mr. Greenwood finds it much easier to believe in his own strange hypothetical X: the author who hid himself under an actor's name, who neglected his manuscripts, and made Ben Jonson his editor; the scholar who used cribs to books which he could "read with facility and pleasure"; made Aristotle earlier than the siege of Troy; made Homer's heroes ride horses in battle; and supposed the Delphic Oracle to be contemporary with a Bohemia which, in the thirteenth century A.D., really had *two* sea coasts, as Mr. Greenwood learnedly insists.

The extreme Baconians aver that Shakespeare could not even write, and, as that must have been known to his intimates, the actors, they could not credit him with authorship, as they did. Mr. Greenwood is not so foolish, but he holds Shakespeare to have been a non-reading man; no books are mentioned in his will (nor in the wills of Samuel Daniel, Hooker, and other well-read men). If Shakespeare were notably ignorant, his intimates could not think him the author. Mr. Greenwood says that "some would see through it," ("it" is the mask-name, "William Shakespeare," adopted by X), "and roundly accuse the player of putting forth the works of others as his own." Of course they would, but we do not

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gather a hint that they ever did. To such, Mr. Greenwood goes on, "he would be Poet-ape" or "an upstart crow" beautified with the feathers of other writers (Beeching v. Greenwood, p. 54). This is the old fallacy. Ben never accused Poet-ape of not producing *works* or of pretending to be the author of other men's *works*. His foolish taunt was that these works of Poet-ape were a tissue of plagiarized samples of other men's wit; the same railing accusation was constantly brought against Molière.

But we had not yet arrived at Mr. Greenwood's attempt to find a motive for X's conduct when he stooped to vamp up and work over plays for a company of actors. We find the motive explained at last (p. 514). "Shakespeare" (that is X, the Great Unknown), "was, I take it, a busy man, *whose aim it was to use the stage as a means to convey instruction to the people*" (my italics), "and to teach them a certain measure of philosophy through the medium of the theatre."

The Shakespearean plays read—do they not?—like the hasty work of a busy courtier bent on disseminating popular instruction in philosophy. He is not the man to grudge to the groundlings knowledge of the fact that Aristotle lived before the Trojan war. Bacon behaved differently. When he wrote on philosophy he wrote in Latin. So Bacon, at all events, is not X. Of X no more is known than that he was not Bacon.

Andrew Lang.

ALBANIANS, TURKS, AND RUSSIANS.

The main difficulty in analyzing the meaning of the Albanian insurrection is to decide in what century we are moving. It has been a favorite exer-

cise with literary men, from Landor down to Anatole France, to confront the ghosts of diverse epochs in imaginary conversations. Those conversa-

tions are held every day in Albania without the aid of any necromancer. Wherever a European Consul meets a group of Highland chiefs, with a semi-educated young man to help them to translate their thoughts, the twentieth century is talking to the tenth, with 1825 or 1848 as the interpreter. Bismarck and Byron, with a ring of Norman rovers round them, would present no sharper contrast. The one essential fact about these northern Albanian clans is that they have remained exactly as they were when the Norman Crusaders landed on their coasts from Southern Italy and rode along the ruinous Roman road that still leads to Constantinople. Their snows and their poverty, their strange tongue and their habits of rapine, have been the amber that has preserved the prehistoric fly. If a novelist or a historian wished to plunge himself in the atmosphere of the Dark Ages at some period after the barbarian invasion and before the full recovery of the power of the Church, he could not do better than spend a year among the Mirdites or the Malessori. They profess just such a nominal Catholicism as reigned in Europe before the superstitions of the primitive North had been partially dissolved in baptismal water. They hold their faith with the same partisan intensity which made Arians or Catholics of Goths and Vandals before they were Christians. The one social fact in their lives is the solidarity of the clan. Its episodes and excitements are the brave adventure of marriage by capture, the steady pursuit of the blood feud, the levying of blackmail on the tamer people of the plains, and the glorious intervals of predatory raids. It is not, as the civilized observer might suppose, a lawless existence. The clansmen murder by rule and hate by code. Every bloody excess is governed by the elaborate canon of tradi-

tional tribal law, which the lore of the hills ascribes to a half-mythical reformer. The truce of God, when the tribes bind themselves by oath (*besa*) to suspend their blood-feuds, is observed as loyally as any mediæval *truga*. The moral atmosphere is one of honor and chivalry, and the clans pride themselves on a knightly and adventurous spirit, which stamps them as Europeans even when they march out in step with the disciplined and less enterprising courage of a Turkish army. Two-thirds of the Albanian nation figures as Mohammedan in the census. But it has never adopted the social usages of the East. The women go unveiled; polygamy is practically unknown, and a chief who mixed his blood with an Oriental slave would be thought to have disgraced his family. Of any fanatical or anti-Christian spirit it would be hard to find a trace outside such towns as Scutari, which have become partially Turkish. There are still families on the frontier line of the two religions which make terms, in the borderer's spirit, with both Powers at once. The same boy is both baptized and circumcized, and will take his chance of entering either Paradise as Ali or George. The Moslem Albanian will light a candle if he visits a Christian Church. In the South, indeed, the Moslem Albanians belong almost exclusively to the Bektashi sect, which cultivates mysticism, seeks in the forbidden wine a theosophic ecstasy, holds itself akin to Free Masonry, teaches a boundless tolerance for all rival creeds, and is reputed to make in its secret initiations only one exception from its universal charity. The exception is Mahomet himself. Across this mysterious race conquests and civilizations have rolled in vain. The Greeks left no lasting culture, the Romans no solid discipline. Latin adventurers, Servian and Bulgarian Tsars, Ottoman Sultans, have all alike failed

to assimilate or absorb a race which had nothing of its own to keep, save a primitive folk-lore and an unwritten speech. It went naked into the secular struggle, and it has lost nothing in the fray. Subject to the Turks, patronized by no neighboring Powers, ignored at the Congresses of Europe, and without a friend among the Western statesmen who have given their sympathy to Greeks and Montenegrins and Bulgarians, the Albanian race has none the less kept its identity and extended its frontiers. The Kossovo country, which was still Servian in the early eighteenth century, is indisputably Albanian to-day. Macedonia itself has suffered in our own time, in countless districts, a stealthy and successful invasion. Save in Epirus, where Greek culture holds the towns, and even the Moslem Albanians of the hills write (when they can write at all) in Greek letters, no foreign influence has yet invaded the intimate life of this exclusive race. Individual Albanians have, indeed, given their talents to bring unity or order to the life of other peoples. Half the captains by land and sea of the Greek wars of independence were Albanians from Epirus or the isles. Crispi came from the Albanian colony in Sicily; the Khedivial family imposed itself on Egypt; the last Grand Vizier of the old *régime* in Turkey was a South Albanian magnate. But no native Church, no native literature, no local field for statesmanship has yet exercised the talents of a race which is certainly not the least gifted of the Balkan peoples. Until the other day an Albanian educated was an Albanian lost.

It is only in our own generation that Albanians have begun to seek amid their tribal wars and local jealousies for a bond of union, and found it in their language. The unlettered hill-men had, indeed, always preserved a fierce and contemptuous pride of race.

They despised the other races around them, and bore towards the Turks a hatred tinged by arrogance. They possessed to the full the healthy chauvinism of every unsophisticated people which looks down on foreigners and prizes its own things. But its own things were poor and few—some barbarous customs, a bloody tribal law, the legend of Skenderbeg, and the more recent glories of Ali Pasha of Jannina. There was nothing here to hold the allegiance of the superior young men who picked up letters in a Greek gymnasium or a Turkish official college, and forthwith forgot their nationality in an alien uniform. The new spirit came with the cult of the Albanian language which has transformed the whole mental outlook of the race in the last twenty, and more generally in the last ten years. Albanian is an Indo-European language, which probably has altered little since the ancient Illyrians spoke it, save for some borrowing of Greek, Slav and Latin words, and philologists class it as rather nearer to the Italian than to the Greek family. It was never reduced to writing until some missionary spirits in the northern dioceses had a manual of devotion printed at Venice for the use of Catholics in the seventeenth century. Wholesale defections to Islam seem to have checked these beginnings of culture in the North. There is a pathetic legend of a Southern patriot who imported a fount of types early in the last century, only to be murdered by the carriers, who seem to have imagined that the load by which the pioneer scholar set such store, must be a treasure which would enrich them. There were some little towns in the South which seem about a century ago to have inaugurated a local renaissance, but Ali Pasha burned their libraries, and sent them wandering north and south, and to-day, where once they thrived, one may pick up as a

strange anachronism in the desert the fragment of a stained glass window. The real pioneers of the popular movement were the *colporteurs* of the British and Foreign Bible Society who carried Albanian books from village to village, the brave men and women who attempted, with varying fortunes, to conduct schools for instruction in the vernacular at Koritza, the exiles in Bucharest and Boston and Sofia who published spelling-books and histories in the forbidden tongue, and more recently the protected schools under Italian and Austrian patronage which sought to push the interests of these rival Powers by educating Albanian children in their own proscribed and neglected tongue. It was my good fortune towards the close of the Hamidian régime to meet and to travel with some of the men and women who were engaged in this innocent but dangerous propaganda. A pathetic loyalty and fraternity seemed to unite them. It broke down the barriers between Moslem and Christian; it united men in high official station with the simplest peasants. In spite of feudalism and ignorance and religious differences, this backward race was coming to a consciousness of its future destinies. To write Albanian in the new alphabet (Latin characters, with some necessary modifications) was to aim at some brighter future, to leave the dark past of ignorance and cruelty behind, and to unite as comrades and brothers against all the allied forces of darkness. I remember well one talk with a Mohammedan magnate, a big landowner in the South, who once enjoyed a local notoriety for his dealings with brigands. He had been thrown into gaol on a charge of murder (I tried to look grave and sympathetic when he assured me that the charge was false), and there he had met as fellow-prisoner one of the persecuted teachers from Koritza. He learned to read in prison,

and came out of it, still ignorant perhaps and primitive, but a man with a purpose, aware of a national ideal, and ready to work for it so far as his limited capacities allowed. I have seen another Albanian, a Mohammedan, the younger son of a powerful feudal family, a high official in the Turkish service, and one of the most thoughtful and well-educated men I have ever met in Turkey, embrace a Protestant *colporteur* of peasant origin in an impulse of brotherly feeling, when he learned that this simple man was doing his part to spread the knowledge of Albanian letters. The movement had to struggle in the South against the allied forces of the Greek Church and the Hamidian bureaucracy. The Greeks were bent on keeping Orthodox Albanians within the sphere of Hellenic influence. The Turks were determined to keep them ignorant and wild, that they might use them as the hammer of the Slavs, and, above all, that they might prevent a race split among three Churches from uniting in the cult of a common language. In the North the new movement progressed rather more slowly. It had to deal there with a much more primitive race than the half Hellenized Albanians of the South, but to balance this difficulty, the Catholic Church, unlike the Orthodox, was helpful and friendly. With the new régime there arrived at last the possibility of an open and legal organization. Albanians founded a national club at Monastir, which aimed at establishing a common national culture on the basis of the common language. A convention finally settled the controversies among the rival alphabets, Latin, Greek and hybrid, by selecting and standardizing a system of phonetics on a Latin basis. The club collected funds for a normal school which was to train teachers who would bring civilization in the native dress to every village in the land. Ver-

nacular schools were started in all the larger towns. Emigrants and exiles hurried home with their savings from America. One man from Boston founded a public library, and a printing press was soon at work. A race of brigands and fighters had settled down with a naïve enthusiasm and a certain sense of romance in its new undertaking, to a work of self-education, which promised to raise Albania within a generation at least to the general level of Balkan culture.

In all this hopeful movement there was no element of danger for the unity of the Turkish Empire. It is as yet an intellectual rather than a political awakening, comparable in its aims rather to Welsh nationalism than to the Irish Home Rule campaigns. There are, indeed, a few of the younger men educated in Europe or America who have conceived a bolder design, and dare to demand either autonomy or independence. One young man there was among the Malessori rebels who had imbibed in Venice something of the Garibaldian tradition and dreamed of creating an Albanian Republic. The one Albanian scholar, Falk Bey Konitza, a brilliant student who has made profound researches in the philology of the language and amid the sparse records of its mediæval history, preaches independence (or as a compromise, autonomy) in the paper which he edits from Boston. There are also two or three operative "pretenders," who boast princely descent, and will talk to simple journalists in Western capitals of their claims to an Albanian throne. But these more daring ambitions make little appeal as yet, even to the more awakened of Albanian nationalists. Their temperament and tradition is not Republican, and Home Rule would be a sort of Republic. The patriotism of the clans is limited to the mountain which is their own possession. In a country without

railways or roads there is little of the mutual, intercourse and commerce which must precede effective political unity. Above all, the wiser heads understand that the adventure of a rebellion to establish autonomy would end, not in a national triumph, but in the intervention of Italy and Austria and the partition of their country. The concessions which would have satisfied Albanians might all have been made by the Young Turks without danger to the Imperial unity towards which they are working. The nomination of Albanian-speaking officials, freedom for the language in the new national schools, the use of local revenues to meet the local needs for roads and schools—these are conditions which any wise central Government would have hastened to accept, and might even have offered unasked. The folly of the policy which was actually followed is so universally recognized that few words need be wasted in describing it. Officials were sent down to rule this peculiar people who know nothing of the country or its language. The revenues were spent at the centre on armaments and warships. The Bektashi clergy were insulted and persecuted. The normal college was closed; the club suppressed, and the printing-press was confiscated. Worst of all, the sublime obscurantist stupidity of the bureaucrats and doctrinaires in Constantinople devised a method for frustrating the literary influence of the Albanian tongue as a link of national unity. Certainly, under the Liberal and progressive rule of Young Turkey Albanian children might be permitted to read and write their own language. But an alphabet is a sacred and dangerous thing. The dictates of sound religion forbade that a boy whose fingers should be tracing the inspired Arabic symbols, should learn to toy with infidel and Latin letters. So it was decreed that Moslem children must learn

to write Albanian in the Arabic script. Orthodox children must use the Greek letters. Only little Catholics might safely be allowed to use the national Latin alphabet. It was an absurd decree, which moves the Western mind only to laughter. But in Albania its effect was sufficiently tragical. It put a brusque end to all the work of the Monastir Club, with its normal college, its primary schools, its printing-press, and its educational library. The mob, in the few towns where fanaticism can be roused, began to mutter that the whole movement was founded on implety. The hope of a peaceful evolution towards an educated Albania lay in ruins. There were other grievances in the North which affected its simple clans even more closely—an *octroi* imposed on their produce as it entered the markets, the enforcement for the first time of conscription on their young men, who used to march as free auxiliaries and volunteers on the flank of Turkish armies, the levying of tithes and cattle taxes where never a collector had been seen before. Something undoubtedly had to be done to bring these wild tribes within the rule of law. But wise rulers would have proceeded very gradually. They would have dealt at first with the clans as units. They would have enlisted instead of estranging the educated younger generation. They would have contrived to use the impulse towards progress and culture as the most potent of the forces at their disposal. The rebellion of last year, in which the Moslem tribes around Mitrovitza and Ipek took the lead, was the first conflict of the new *régime* with the Albanian race. Rebellions in that region had been an almost annual occurrence, and they were always suppressed with some fighting and a shower of gold and decorations. The Young Turks differed from their predecessors in being at least impartial

and systematic. They burned Albanian villages as though the clansmen had been mere Christian peasants. Worst of all, they publicly flogged and bastinadoed the chiefs. An Albanian regards killing as a perfectly honorable and sportsmanlike expedient—when it comes to killing he will always do more than his share. If their chiefs had been invited to a banquet and then massacred round the table, even for such a treachery there are precedents in the history of modern Turkey. But to flogging and physical degradations the Albanians have never been broken, as the unlucky Slav peasants have been, by centuries of brutal usage. That was the unpardonable outrage which more than any fiscal grievance or nationalist aspiration provoked the exceptionally resolute and prolonged rebellion among the Malesori in the spring and summer of this year.

It was from a mixture of motives that the dominant section of the Young Turks adopted the "steam-roller" policy towards the non-Turkish races, of which their mistakes in Albania were only one example. When they forbade the formation of leagues or associations, even of an educational type, on a basis of nationality, imposed Turkish as the vehicle of instruction in higher schools, closed the door to any form of autonomy among the Arabs, crushed the Bulgarians of Macedonia by savage beatings and perquisitions, struck at Greek commerce by a systematic boycott, and failed to punish (if, indeed, they did not actively plan) the Armenian massacres at Adana, their main purpose was to make the Ottoman Empire an indubitably Turkish State. There was in all this no trace of religious fanaticism. Their scheme resembled the programme of the Magyar party for ascendancy in Hungary. They meant to secure unity by frowning on all local and nationalist ambitions, and to entrench the Turks,

with such members of other peoples as were prepared to accept the position of satellites, as the ruling race of a composite Empire. This positive ideal was re-inforced by a dread, for which there was ample ground, of the disruptive tendencies of the stronger non-Turkish races, and the greed of neighboring States. Home Rule they conceived simply as a preliminary stage to separation, and given the angry past and their own inability to attract other races by any superiority in culture or statesmanship, it is probable that Home Rule whether in Albania or Macedonia would lead, with no great interval of time, either to independence or foreign annexation. Their folly lay in their failure to see that if they could not safely grant Home Rule (which the Albanians at least hardly dream of demanding), they must in other ways allow some satisfaction to the awakened national sentiment. By their ruthless policy of negation and coercion they have prepared for themselves the very danger which most they dreaded. Foreign intrigue is at work once more on Turkish soil; and no one as yet can measure the limits of its disintegrating influence. It is probable that if the Malessori had been left entirely to their own devices they would have wished to rebel. Their immemorial contempt of the Turks had been sharpened into savage hatred by their experiences last year. They felt, as only a race could feel whose very religion is the law of accurate but unflinching revenge, that the shame of those floggings must be drowned in blood. But they had been disarmed, and they lacked the means to purchase rifles. They needed neither tempting nor prompting to rebel, but had they rebelled unaided they certainly could not have forced the Turks to bring up their battalions from Asia; they could not have won a long succession of well-contested skirmishes; they could not have extorted

terms from the Turks which amount to an acknowledged victory; and certainly they would not have returned to their villages with their rifles on their shoulders and Turkish gold in their belts. They were supplied with arms by Austria and by Montenegro acting for Russia—a fact which their emissaries make no attempt to conceal. Arms came also from Italy, but not, I think, with the goodwill, or even the connivance, of the Italian Government. Austrian sympathy, which always claims a sort of sentimental protectorate over the Catholic clans, was active in the early stages of the insurrection; it was vocal and passionate in the pages of the Vienna Press, and more especially in the Clericalist journals. But in the later phases of the crisis it flinched and hesitated to take the final steps in intervention. The decisive factor in the success of the Malessori was the interested sympathy of Montenegro acting for Russia. It is decent and pleasant to throw a romantic veil, as our newspapers have commonly done, over the part which Montenegro has played. It is pretty to depict King Nicholas as a chivalrous and charitable crusader who gave his aid to these struggling soldiers of liberty, and extended to them the ungrudging hospitality of the mountains. The facts are rather cruder. So far as there is any sentiment between Montenegrins and Albanians, it is one of bitter hatred fed by continual border wars, nourished by blood feuds, and aggravated by the undying enmity of the Orthodox for the Catholics of the East. The charity was vicarious. Montenegro is, and always has been, openly subsidized by Russia, whose vassal she is proud to be. The money which kept the refugees in food came direct from St. Petersburg. The intrigue served a double end. It enabled King Nicholas to extort for himself in the final settlement terms very

advantageous to his little kingdom—a frontier rectification, facilities for navigation, and a share in the marshlands round Lake Scutari, which are to be drained by a French syndicate. It established his claim to be a formidable factor in the politics of this corner of the Balkans. But, above all, it served to remind the Turks in a peculiarly humiliating way that despite their revolution, despite the enhancement of their military efficiency, despite the general cessation of European intervention in their internal affairs, they must reckon still, as they had learned to reckon in the Hamidian days, upon the constant power and possible hostility of Russia. By backing Montenegro she converted these poor mountain clans into formidable adversaries. She compelled the Porte to discuss the settlement with her Embassy in Constantinople. When she was satisfied, King Nicholas imposed peace by brusquely expelling the refugees. The episode, whatever its significance may be in the history of the Albanian race, was from the Russian standpoint a brilliant and successful feint. Irrelevant as it may seem, it probably had reference rather to the situation in the Middle East than to the local affairs of European Turkey. In Persia Russia is preparing with the assent of Germany to consolidate her position in the northern sphere. The Young Turks have shown a decided, if timid, sympathy with Young Persia. Their troops straggle over the ill-drawn frontier, more because they dread a Russian flanking movement than because they particularly wish to acquire a bit of Persian territory. Simultaneously, the Armenians of Turkey have been turning to Russia for protection, and in places deserting the Gregorian for the Orthodox fold. Advertisements such as this are readily understood in Constantinople: "Hamper our advance in Persia" (so they must be read), "and

we will threaten your hold on Armenia. Trouble us in the Middle East, and we will be formidable in the Far West." Russia cares nothing for the Albanians, and wants nothing in Albania; but she can use the Albanians to clear a road for herself where her real interests lie.

It is in the sudden expansion of this little tribal dispute into a grave international complication, that the real significance of this Malessori episode lies. The Turks have assumed that by overthrowing a despot and establishing a Parliament they have won for themselves a final immunity from European interference. There has as yet been no formal intervention, no claim based as of right on the Berlin Treaty. But there has been a real and menacing interference, which has dealt a shrewd blow to the whole policy of racial chauvinism. The future depends on the ability of the Committee to profit by the lesson. Nothing remains of its old prestige. The epoch of fraternization at home has given way to overt discontent. The period of idealization abroad has passed into a phase of suspicion and disgust. When the Adana massacres occurred, we all assumed, even without evidence, that Abdul Hamid was their contriver. To-day we have to listen, half-convinced, while so warm a friend of the Young Turks as Sir William Ramsay declares that it was they who plotted these abominations. That is the measure of their fall in public esteem. Nothing but a change of persons in their directing staff can save them now, and nothing short of a complete reversal of their policy towards the non-Turkish races can save their Empire. To take only the illustration of Albania, it is certain that they have won there, at the cost of a great sacrifice in treasure and prestige, a truce and not a peace. The Malessori retain their hatreds and their arms. To the memory of floggings is

now added the recollection of burnings and violations, with the even more inflammatory consciousness of victory. Their relative success in the North has set on foot a guerilla warfare in the South, of which the Nationalist intellectuals share the leadership with the Bektashi clergy. Such a movement may not at once become formidable. But if, by their attitude towards the claims of local patriotism, towards the language propaganda and the new schools, by insults to the feudal magnates and the persecution of Bektashi "heretics," the Turks continue to teach the Albanians that they can hope for no self-respecting and progressive existence under Ottoman rule, they will rouse at last a real war of independence. It is not necessary as yet that they should concede to any race local autonomy or Home Rule. The whole structure of Turkish social life and the

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habits of Oriental thought make for a much easier solution. The idea of nationality does not in the East necessarily involve exclusive control of a particular territory. It rests rather on race, religion or language. Let the Turks once bring themselves to tolerate the national idea in schools and churches, in party leagues and educational associations, and they need never have to face the demand for territorial self-government. In that there need be no element of disruption, but rather the promise of a rich and various intellectual life under a common flag within a common territory. If the lesson is too hard for their pride or too subtle for their minds, we must conclude that the fate of the Turkish Empire was indelibly written in the *Finis* which Abdul Hamid had all but inscribed on the pages of its destiny.

H. N. Brailsford.

THE LANTERN BEARERS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK, AUTHOR OF "THE SEVERINS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

When the crash came Helga Byrne was eight years old. Now she was going on for nineteen, but she could remember the home of her early childhood and the sudden change to the little house in Surbiton, where she had lived with her father and mother ever since. It was, however, the last ten years that counted in her experience and development. Partly by hearsay, partly through her early memories, she knew that her father had once been a prosperous man of business. He was now a clerk earning a hundred and fifty a year, and working hard for it. He had no private means and his wife had none. The three of them lived in Surbiton on a hundred and fifty a year.

As to the crash itself Helga naturally understood its results better than its

causes. She had grown up in the belief that the greed and knavery of her father's late partner John Ashley had brought about their ruin, and that the whole race of Ashley was taboo. She had learned never to speak their name because it vexed her father, and she had not seen any of them since the great catastrophe ten years ago. But she knew that they were prosperous people, and that by good rights the Byrnes should have been prosperous too. As a matter of fact, they were very poor: so poor that they kept no servant and looked at every sixpence before they spent it. At least Mrs. Byrne did, and she tried to teach her daughter to be as frugal and patient as she was herself.

The girl had never heard her mother bemoan her fate or blame her husband

for the failure of his affairs. She was not a woman who talked much at all, or dreamed as Helga did, or ever wasted her time. All day long Mrs. Byrne was at work cleaning, cooking, mending and making. So that in some measure she wrung success out of failure, for on meagre means she kept a home together in which her husband and child were happy. Her father had been a German professor of the poorer kind, and she had been brought up in a home where want had only been kept at arm's length by thrift. To eke out his income the professor had taken English pupils, and one of them, Francis Byrne had fallen in love with his daughter Dorothea, had come for her when she was twenty-five, had carried her back with him to England and had established her there in great splendor and luxury. At least her new surroundings had seemed splendid to Dorothea, who had not been used to a carpet in her bedroom or butter for breakfast. She was a fair-skinned, largely-made woman, with steady, light blue eyes, a mouth made resolute by faithful work and a well-brushed unfashionable head of hair.

"I believe you like being poor, Mummy," Helga said one morning.

The two ladies were in the little back kitchen, and they were washing their own clothes. Mrs. Byrne stood at the wringing machine and put piece after piece through it. She looked hot, poor woman, but not cross.

"Poverty has a good as well as a bad side," she said. "You must know how to meet it."

"I know all about the bad side," said Helga, in her ignorance. "We can't have anything we want, and Dad is always fretting, and you work like a galley-slave, and I—if I go to this dance I can't dance. I've never had any lessons."

"If you go I'll teach you to waltz," said Mrs. Byrne. "There would

probably not be many square dances."

"Can you waltz?" said Helga, in surprise. She had never connected her mother with any pastime and it was not easy to picture the large, middle-aged woman dancing.

"You had better ask your father," said Mrs. Byrne, with a flickering smile. "I taught him."

Then, thinking that she had rested long enough, she began to turn the machine again, while Helga stood by and looked at her mother pensively. It comes with a shock to eighteen, the reminder that forty-five was once eighteen, had danced for sure and kissed for sure since here stood forty-five at the wash-tub, a matron who once upon a time had been a bride.

"Was it at a dance that Dad fell in love with you?" she asked a little later, when the big clothes basket was full of clean wet linen that must now be hung out in the back garden to dry.

"No," said Mrs. Byrne, her eyes and most of her attention fixed on the thin places in a towel that she was holding up to the light. "He fell in love with me the moment he saw me—as suddenly as Romeo did with Juliet. It was highly romantic. At night when he went to bed he wrote in his pocket-book 'Dorothea Knoblauch shall be my wife.'"

"But why did he write it down? Was he afraid of forgetting? And why do you shake your head and sigh?"

"Because this towel is past mending, my child, and where am I to find money for new ones? You see life is not all romance. There are towels in it too, and love will not buy them. Your father made the mistake of his life when he married me."

"What can you mean?" cried Helga indignantly.

"Perhaps I don't mean much," said Mrs. Byrne. "Life is not all towels either, *Gott sei dank*—the hidden light is there . . . and lasts and con-

soles . . . nevertheless I have often assured your father that he ought not to have married me."

"But why?"

"Because I had not a penny; and the girl who is now Mrs. Warwick——"

"The one who has asked me to the dance?"

"Yes. She has a thousand a year of her own."

"And she wanted to marry Dad?"

Mrs. Byrne nodded sedately and took up one handle of the heavy clothes-basket, Helga took the other and with their load between them the two ladies staggered out of the steamy kitchen into the June sunshine. The garden was small and, in spite of Helga's attentions, starved looking. The grass was badly kept and the girl's plants languished in an uncongenial soil of sour clay and builder's rubbish. She loved flowers but did not understand their culture, so although it was the end of June she had nothing opening to the sun except a few dwarf nasturtiums, a magenta foxglove she had bought in Kingston market and a little ragged Virginia stock. Still it was pleasanter out here than indoors, and as Helga helped her mother to put up the lines her spirits rose again.

"I should like to go to this dance," she said; "but what can I wear?"

"We must look into that," said Mrs. Byrne; and Helga understood that when the day's work was over there would be a pilgrimage upstairs.

In an attic used as a lumber-room Mrs. Byrne kept the huge foreign-looking trunk in which she had packed clothes and household linen when the crash came. The linen she had brought with her as a self-respecting German bride twenty years ago: the gowns were the fine and costly ones her husband had wished her to wear in prosperous days. This attic in Helga's experience took the place of drapers' shops. Boots had to be bought some-

times and for Helga a new cheap hat that her mother trimmed with odds and ends. Otherwise for ten lean years the ladies had clothed themselves in what the fat years had left them, trimming, mending, and altering with indomitable thrift and patience. Mrs. Byrne did not mind how old-fashioned her own clothes were, provided they were clean and tidy. She had other things in her head than her personal appearance, she would say, and went out in a black cloth jacket that caused her suburban neighbors to wonder where she was raised. For Helga she would take trouble and would even study a penny fashion book before putting together a gown she had pulled to pieces. But the results were never successful. As Helga grew up she recognized her mother's disabilities and took her toilet into her own hands: and she had clever fingers. She hated the fine patching and darning her mother had taught her, but it amused the girl to buy a shilling's worth of stuff at a summer sale and fashion it into a blouse. She had never been to school. On his clerk's salary Mr. Byrne had enough to do to feed, clothe, and shelter three people used to the smaller comforts and amenities of life. As best she could Mrs. Byrne had taught her child what she had learned herself as a child, so at nineteen Helga knew German well and French imperfectly, knew some history and geography, could read, write, and reckon, could even play the piano passably. She loved books about imaginary people, leading heroic lives, suffering, loving, hating, venturing, all on a high plane, above the petty joys and sorrows of the life she knew; and in this romantic taste, her mother, outwardly so matter of fact, sustained her. They were too poor to buy new novels or even to subscribe to a library, but they had plenty of books of their own and these they read: plays, poetry, stories, belles-let-

tres, anything that Helga took down from the shelves. Cooking and cleaning did not often fill the whole day, and there were many quiet hours when Mrs. Byrne sat and sewed while Helga read aloud, so that in the older woman's mind some of her work had the most incongruous and unexpected associations.

"I patched this sheet while you read 'Ruy Blas,' " she said to-day as she pegged out some much-mended fine linen. "I remember doing it all through the scene in which Don Cæsar comes down the chimney and I told you about our seeing it at the Français with Mounet Sully as Ruy Blas and Coquelin Aîné as Don Cæsar."

"What were we reading while you did these tucks?" said Helga, taking up a cambric skirt of her own. "It must have been something that gave you patience."

Mrs. Byrne looked at the garment reflectively.

"The Master of Ballantrae," she said; "I put in those strips of insertion while the ship dipped down to the sea and MacKellar tried to drown him."

"Is Mr. Ashley like the Master?" asked Helga.

"Mr. Ashley! *Was fällt Dir ein?* not in the least. Why should he be?"

"He is wicked—as the Master was—and poor Dad hates him—and is miserable—as Henry was."

"There is not the smallest resemblance. Mr. Ashley is fat and short and elderly. He goes to church every Sunday and takes a short walk with Mrs. Ashley's pugs before breakfast every morning. At least he used to when they lived at Wimbledon. Now they have a house in Sloane Gardens and a country house in Surrey. He is assuredly not a figure of romance. Don't you remember him, my child?"

"Oh, yes, I remember; outside he is like that. But his soul may be as wicked as the Master's."

"Not at all. His soul is fat and self-righteous, like his voice and his eyelids. He considers that his prosperity is the just result of his virtues and that our misfortunes come from our follies."

"But it isn't so," said Helga, with a note of anxiety in her tone.

Mrs. Byrne hesitated. "Your father would have been in a stronger position if he had put by money," she said.

"What happened exactly?"

"Mr. Ashley dissolved the partnership when every penny your father possessed was sunk in Æonion, the Everlasting Wood. At that time Æonion had not begun to pay."

"Does it pay now?"

"Enormously. Mr. Ashley is making a fortune out of it."

"But if Dad had money in it——"

"I know; but I can't explain all the ins and outs. There were several things, the accounts were complicated and somehow it all went wrong for us. I suppose Mr. Ashley took over your father's interest in Æonion and set it against another debt."

"I suppose he acted like a mean beast," said Helga.

"He said he was not a philanthropist," admitted Mrs. Byrne.

"Poor Dad! But why didn't his friends help him?"

"Some of them did. They found him his present berth."

"But where are they all? Why do we never see any one?"

"When you are as poor as we are you drop out," said Mrs. Byrne, and turned to her basket of clothes again. The day's work had to be done and she could not waste time on regrets and reminiscences. But Helga had touched on a subject much in her mind of late. The mother wished that the world would open a little for her child. When her husband had lost his position they had not been suddenly and unanimously deserted by their friends. That does not happen. Some people

stand by a man in his misfortunes, the majority are helpless or indifferent, hardly any one is actively unkind. At first their old acquaintances had sought them out and had shown them friendly faces. But Mr. Byrne would see no one if he could help it and would go nowhere. He could not afford extra fares, he would not accept hospitality he could not return, he would not risk meeting the Ashleys. He had twenty reasons to give his wife, who did not ask for one. She could not leave her house and her child she said, and pleased him by her acquiescence. So in course of time people ceased to call and ceased to send invitations. The little house in which the Byrnes lived was tucked away at the extreme edge of the suburb where houses ended and fields began. The family was not an object of interest or curiosity as it would have been in a country neighborhood. On one side of the house was an avenue of trees and a dairy-farm: on the other side two or three small houses, usually to let. Beyond that came detached houses of a better class inhabited by people who never learned the name of the woman who hung out her own washing, but regarded her as a blot on their decorous neighborhood and wished that fate would remove her. All the summer long Helga could hear the click of croquet balls and the cries of lawn tennis in the bigger gardens near, but she did not get to know the happy ones who played. If she sat in the dining-room, which faced the road, she could sometimes see streams of young people on their way to a croquet and lawn-tennis club just opposite, but she never saw any one she knew. Yesterday when an invitation had come for her to a dance at Wimbledon the whole family had been agitated by it. Such a thing had not happened since she was a child and had been asked to juvenile parties.

"I wish people would leave us

alone," Mr. Byrne had said to his wife.

"Where we have fallen we must lie."

"I think the child should go," said Mrs. Byrne.

"How can she? We have no money for finery and carriages. Besides, where can it lead?"

"One never knows," said Mrs. Byrne.

CHAPTER II.

Helga had never been to a dance in her life and did not know what girls should wear. Her ideas of gala dress were derived partly from the novels and fairy tales she read and partly from her mother's reminiscences. The sources were dissimilar, but when they clashed reality went to the wall. The girl's pictures of a ball were vague and splendid, and though she herself was going to dance in a drawing-room at Wimbledon she found it impossible to dissociate the scene in which she was to take a part from those gorgeous ones of high romance where great ladies and renowned knights moved to stately measures in ancestral halls. Lights, music, men in ruffles and brocade, women of dazzling beauty, a love scene, a scene of terror or of laughter—what was a dance except a setting for these wider issues that lead through entanglements, through sorrow, maybe through crime, to the end of the story. To be sure Mrs. Byrne's memories acted as a check on the girl's expectations.

"When I was seventeen my mother bought me a white muslin," she said. "It cost two marks a yard and we made it at home. Every winter we washed and mended it. Compared with other girls I was not elegant but I had a beautiful complexion."

"Did many men want to marry you?" asked Helga, encouraged by her mother's unusually communicative mood.

Mrs. Byrne shook her head.

"In Germany when girls are poor they have not much chance of marriage," she replied. "I will not say

that a girl without money never marries; but it is the exception, not the rule."

"Poor girls—without money—how dull for them," murmured Helga.

"Dull! Life need never be dull, my child. There is always work to do. At this very moment the cold mutton is waiting for you to cut up. We will have it hashed to-night in the way your father likes, so it should soak for some hours in gravy and a dessert-spoonful of wine."

The conversation was thus shifted to the day's bill of fare and the change was not accidental. Mrs. Byrne talked like a copy-book sometimes but she did not think like one. Her fears often followed her child's future and she wondered how it could expand happily to such narrow limits; but she never allowed her fears to cast their shadow on Helga. Her traditions prevented her from gossiping of love and marriage to a young creature who looked at both through the medium of romance, and regarded them with interest, but impersonally as experiences of later life. The sudden invitation, the sudden chance of sending her child out into the world had unloosed Mrs. Byrne's tongue for once, and she had spoken of her own courting days and of the part money plays in matches. But she would not dwell on such things. She was not a Mrs. Bennett. Behind her prosaic tongue and industrious habits there reigned a mind that was limited but within its limits strong. Just as she patiently breasted her husband's financial failure and refused to let it swamp them in misery and disorder, so she carefully hedged Helga round with an old-fashioned but fragrant tradition of girlhood, keeping her innocent and happy, teaching her thrift, diligence and self-denial, but allowing her to grow up more dreamy and romantic than a girl does whose dreams are wholesomely adjusted to

the realities of life by contact with companions of her own age.

However, Helga was not always dreaming. When she had cut up the cold mutton and put it to steep in a sauce of cunning flavor, her thoughts turned to those upstairs trunks.

"Let us go and look this very moment—before we have lunch," she said to her mother, who had just come in from the garden.

Mrs. Byrne said neither yea nor nay but sat down to rest for a moment. She had been hard at work since six o'clock, and now it was nearly one. Her white clothes were dry, her colored ones were flapping in the hot sunshine. They would soon be dry too.

"Well!" she said, and allowed Helga to hurry her upstairs to the lumber-room, which was just as clean and orderly as every other corner of the house.

"The last evening gown I bought was a sapphire blue velvet," murmured Mrs. Byrne. "Before that I had a heliotrope satin, and before that a heavy gray brocade. They are all in that trunk, and as good as new; but they are not suitable for a girl to wear to her first ball."

"What ought I to wear?" said Helga.

"White. There is no doubt about that."

A silence fell between mother and daughter because the same thought crossed their minds and was not ready for expression yet. The wedding-gown was white, the treasured consecrated gown, kept in wrappings of fine linen, scented with lavender, trimmed still with sprigs of faded myrtle, looked at from time to time lest moth should destroy, always sending through the older woman a warm thrill of happy memory or sentiment. "In England they wear it when they dine out," she said. "Afterwards they have it dyed. Mrs. Ashley made hers into sofa cushions. My grandmother had

hers in her bedroom in a glass case, and when she died it was her shroud."

Helga gave a little shudder.

"I don't call that a nice idea at all," she said. "If ever I have a wedding-gown I would rather let my daughter dance in it than board it for my funeral."

"There is something in what you say," admitted Mrs. Byrne. "Perhaps it will bring you good luck. Let us get it out and try it on."

Helga unlocked one of the great gray trunks and took out the upper tier, for the wedding-gown and veil had a middle one to themselves. It took the impatient girl some time to remove all the pins that secured their wrappings, and when at last she came to them she looked at them for the first time with proprietary eyes. The gown was of good white silk, but the white had turned rather yellow with age. Helga held up the skirt, which was very full and made with a long train.

"There is enough silk in it for two gowns," she said.

"Should you want to alter it much?" said Mrs. Byrne, rather anxiously.

"It would have to be entirely remade," said Helga, with decision; "I see how it would go, as you are tall and I am short—"

"I can't think why you are so short and so dark," said Mrs. Byrne, regretfully.

"Because Dad is, of course," said Helga, holding the gown up to her chin. "I'll have it Empire, and the veil will make sleeves and a tucker."

"To me they look perfect as they are," said Mrs. Byrne. "But perhaps you are right. In twenty years a gown must get a little old-fashioned. Let us go into my room and try it on."

They went downstairs, and Mrs. Byrne sat down while Helga took off her gown and put on the one in which her mother had plighted her troth twenty years ago.

"My uncle married us," murmured Mrs. Byrne. "I went away in a pea-green tweed with white checks that I chose because it was English, to please your father; but he always hated it, and so did I. We went to the Eiffel for our honeymoon, and one day your father gave the tweed suit to an old beggar woman. I always wondered whether she wore it. You see it was a coat and skirt and she would not have had a blouse. I wish your father could see you now, but I cannot say that you look at all like me. Take care not to crush the veil Helga. I hope you will not require it. I have always meant you to wear it at your own wedding, and it seems a pity to cut it up."

"But I may never marry," said Helga.

"That is possible," said Mrs. Byrne. "My father always told your aunt Malchen and me that to marry a girl must possess money, beauty, or amiability. He meant that we lacked all three. He was always afraid of our growing up vain. But your aunt Malchen was the prettiest girl in our family."

"Dad says you were," argued Helga.

"Well, you are not in the least like me," said Mrs. Byrne, her eyes hanging rapturously on her lovely daughter. It was true that the girl seemed to come of a different stock from the big fair woman who had borne her. Helga was a head and shoulders shorter than her mother, but she was so slim and moved so lightly that she seemed taller than her inches. Her neck, her hands, her feet, were all delicately moulded, she had a little head, thick dark hair, and eyes that varied with her moods and with the light in them. Her laugh made you happy, her voice was young and her manner was outwardly an imitation of her mother's, sedate and tranquil.

"I'm the image of Dad," she said,

looking at herself in the glass; "I wonder what I shall look like at my first ball?"

"I wonder how you will behave," said Mrs. Byrne; "that is far more important."

"The two things hang together," said the girl, astutely. "If I look a horrid little dowd and sit in a corner all the evening——"

"If you do I hope you will smile amiably and look as if you liked it," said Mrs. Byrne. "When you are a guest you must always appear to be enjoying yourself."

Helga stole a glance at the mirror again and smiled.

"Now we'll have lunch," she said, "and after lunch I'll help you fold the clothes, and then I'll go out and tell Miss Mugworthy we want her to come and alter this for me. But what shall I do about gloves and shoes, Mummy?"

"You must have new ones," said Mrs. Byrne.

"And how shall I get to Wimbledon—in a white silk gown?"

"You must have a cab, there and back," said Mrs. Byrne; and then the ladies went down to lunch which consisted to-day of bread and cheese.

After lunch Helga helped her mother again and then she went out. When she got back she found her father in the dining-room. The family sat there habitually because it was bigger and pleasanter than the back room, and also because Mrs. Byrne could not shake off the tradition of a best parlor that was used on festive occasions, but wrapped up at other times. Mr. Byrne, like Helga, was small and dark. He did not look alert enough for a man of business. His manner was quiet and despondent, he had dreamy hazel eyes, and he had always been more interested in literature than in ledgers. His father had been a country clergyman without any knowledge of the world, but he had

heard that men made fortunes in business, and he wished his only son to make a fortune. The capacity for doing so he took for granted and the training he left to fate. Mr. Byrne had been through the usual mill, a preparatory school, a public school, then a year in France and another in Germany, because some one had told Canon Byrne that men of business should know French and German. The partnership with John Ashley had been one of those "openings" men with capital but no knowledge or experience can usually find. It had lasted longer than such arrangements usually do and might have prospered if Mr. Byrne had been a wiser man. The intimate conviction that he had himself to blame for his misfortunes did not prevent him from blaming his partner still more bitterly. He had been a fool, no doubt, but John Ashley was a shark and a knave.

Helga could not remember much about the time when her father was flourishing. His misfortunes had unstrung him and his child's unhappy experience was that all the fun ended when he came back from the City. He was not unkind or bad tempered, but his outlook was so gloomy that if you were mercurial yourself it depressed you. His wife's strong placid nature resisted his influence, but, though she loved him, even she dreaded his foreboding view of life. He seemed unable to look forward to anything but future miseries.

"Are you tired, Dad?" Helga said to-night as she went towards him, for she saw that he was leaning back in his chair with half-closed eyes.

"Not worse than usual," he said, "at my age——"

"You're not old, Dad."

"I'm fifty. That's old for a man who has failed. They'll soon say I'm past work and then—— Heaven help us."

Helga said nothing because her mother came in just then and heard her husband's concluding remark.

"Certainly Heaven will help us if we help ourselves," said Mrs. Byrne, calmly. "Was Miss Mugworthy at home, Helga?"

"Yes," said Helga, who for the moment felt that life was too sad a business to hold room for dressmakers and dances, "she is coming next week."

"As it is such a hot evening we shall have dinner out of doors," continued Mrs. Byrne. "The tray is all ready, my child, and so are the meat and the vegetables. You can set the table if you like."

Helga's spirits revived as she ran off to do her mother's bidding. Life was a sad affair, and she supposed the future might be even worse than the present; but the summer evening was lovely, and dinner in the garden was more amusing than indoors, and on the sea of time who knows what ships are sailing towards you.

"Helga has been very happy all day because she is going to her first grown-up party," said Mrs. Byrne, sitting down beside her husband, and he understood the underlying reproach in her words.

"What is the good?" he asked. "What can come of it?" What future has she?"

"I wish the child to be happy, and to have courage, and take any chances we can give her," said his wife. "You wish it too, Francis. We have had—have still—our happiness, our life together."

"What happiness can you find in your present life? You work like a slave, and yet we hardly keep body and soul together."

"I work like a free woman—for those I love," amended Mrs. Byrne; "there are worse fates."

"But you did not expect it when you married. I promised you comfort and

prosperity; and if it had not been for that scoundrel——"

"I wonder if any of the Ashleys will be at Mrs. Warwick's dance?"

"If I thought so Helga should not go. They used not to know the Warwicks."

"We must risk it. Helga would avoid them. She knows how you feel."

"I wish you felt with me, Dorothea."

"I do—as well as I can."

"He will soon be in the new offices—I see them from where I sit."

"I wish you didn't. I wish you wouldn't think of him. Can't you forget?"

"Not while I breathe," said Mr. Byrne, his face tense with rejection of his wife's appeal.

"Helga gives us pleasure," she said, trying to change the current of his thoughts. "I *think* she is pretty."

"I'm sure she is; but who sees her?"

"She is small," said Mrs. Byrne, who was five feet eleven and weighed twelve stone, "and she is thin."

"Probably she hasn't enough to eat," said Mr. Byrne.

"Not once since she was born has my child been short of food," said Mrs. Byrne, touched to the quick by such an aspersion on her housekeeping; but her husband patted her shapely hand in apology. They were an imperfect pair, but they were never ajar for long.

"If she has had enough to eat of late years it is your doing rather than mine," he said. "I go on like an ass that turns a water-wheel; that's all I can do."

"I have been thinking of something I can do, if you will consent," said Mrs. Byrne. "Now that Helga is grown up I want to send her out into the world sometimes. But for that she needs clothes and other things that cost money."

"I know she does, poor little devil. If she had had a different father!"

"I cannot enter into what would have happened in that case, Francis. The only man beside yourself who ever made love to me was Candidat Fleischer and he squinted. I propose to make the money I want for Helga easily."

"Money is never made easily."

"This will be. I shall let the drawing-room and the spare room to a young man of good family——"

"A lodger! Never—never!"

"Who will only be at home to breakfast and at night."

"Never!"

"What we eat he will eat. If he is German so much the better, because then he would appreciate my cooking."

"I couldn't stand it, Dorothea. He'd be all over the place. You couldn't either. He'd spill ink on your best carpet."

"He would pay two guineas a week if we gave him his meals on Sunday and instructed him in English."

"I couldn't instruct a baby in English."

"Two guineas a week is more than a hundred a year. I believe the profit we made would cover our rent and taxes," said Mrs. Byrne, who knew that her husband felt each demand for

these big payments as a fresh and unexpected calamity.

"Our house would not be our own. How can you think of such an abominable plan. Besides, there is Helga; before you had turned round he would be making love to her."

"Helga has been brought up by me. She is extremely well behaved. She would know how to keep a young man in his place."

"But—good heavens, Dorothea—don't you see, she might fall in love with him; they might fall in love with each other!"

"Well!" said Mrs. Byrne.

"I won't have it," said Mr. Byrne.

"Your will is law, Francis," said his wife, getting up rather ponderously. She went to the mantelpiece, removed a little dust of tobacco her husband had left there, looked through some letters stacked at one corner and found a printed blue one that she handed to her husband.

"The third demand," she said, "if it is not paid before Tuesday——"

Mr. Byrne groaned and put the horrid thing into his pocket. Helga opened the door and put her head into the room.

"Dinner is quite ready," she said.

"Have you told Dad about the wedding-gown?"

"Not yet," said Mrs. Byrne.

(To be continued.)

ARCHITECTURAL MASTERPIECES OF LONDON.

A French traveller—M. Grosley—who visited these shores in 1773, and who has left three volumes of observations on London and its inhabitants, takes occasion, in the chapter devoted to "Nouveau Londres," as he calls it, to make, like the famous President Hénault, a philosophical reflection. Says he, referring to the increase of

building activity in the city, "*Si cette manie de bâtir à Londres vient à gagner la noblesse des trois Royaumes, Londres, pris dans son Etat actuel, se trouvera doublée dans la siècle prochaine.*"

As a matter of fact, the following century was destined to witness such strides in the building development of

London, that the city, so far from merely duplicating itself in size, increased to such an extent that the worthy Grosley, could he see it now, would be hard put to it to find sufficiently appropriate adjectives wherewith to indicate his astonishment.

To-day we have grown used to the erection of immense buildings and the wholesale development of large areas, and in our haste to hail fresh erections, we are, I fear, apt to overlook the splendid architectural monuments which have been our possession for centuries, and to forget that a thing may be perfect without necessarily being colossal.

It is curious how relatively little seems to be known about the architectural features of London. I do not mean about their technical merits or shortcomings, for this is a matter that concerns trained intelligence, and even trained intelligence does not always see eye to eye in such things, but in the mere allocation of important buildings to their designers; and I dare swear that, with the exception of St. Paul's, which everyone knows to be the work of Wren, few buildings in London can be accurately traced to the architects who were responsible for them. An examination paper on the subject would be, one feels certain, productive of strange results, and would indirectly prove anything but a flattering commentary on the value of posthumous fame.

In an age when there is so much to be seen and still more to be remembered, this should not, perhaps, strike us as extraordinary; but, at a moment when a quite vital interest in the Metropolis and its important monuments is awakened, anything that helps to draw closer attention to the origin and authorship of notable landmarks (so many of which seem to be disappearing) will not, perhaps, be considered as a work of supererogation.

Of course, the lapse of ages has, in some cases, obliterated such records. Thus the original builder of the Tower of London is as unknown as the architect of the Tower of Babel. Poetic license has, indeed, helped to make confusion in this respect worse confounded, for it seems satisfactorily proved that Cæsar, whose name has been thus connected with it, had nothing whatever to do with its erection; and if there be one name that is more closely associated than another with London's most interesting landmark, it is that of Bishop Gundulf, who, in 1078, was appointed by William the Conqueror overseer and surveyor to the building. But the Tower is one of those landmarks which are essentially rather the product of successive ages than the work of one period, and it may not be generally known that its chief feature, the White Tower, owes much of its present appearance to Wren, who faced its windows with stone after the Italian fashion, and thus gave it that almost modern character which it wears to-day.

Again, in the case of Westminster Abbey, that "Sepulchre of Kings," as Jeremy Taylor calls it, no one man can be named as its designer, the most beautiful portion of the fabric, Henry the Seventh's Chapel, probably being the work of the Flemish and German craftsmen who, at that period, began to swarm into this country; and the only portions that can in any way be connected with a British architect are the not particularly successful west towers, which were carried out by Hawksmoor, in 1739, from the designs left by Wren, but which, had that consummate artist lived to complete the work, would, one may be sure, have evolved themselves into something more worthy of his splendid powers.

St. James's Palace, or rather the fragment which dates from Henry the Eighth's day (for, as regards the rest,

ignorance of its architect is perhaps as well), is another London architectural feature of whose designer we are ignorant, although there is a tradition that the plans for it were prepared by Thomas Cromwell; while another report has it that he merely superintended designs supplied by Holbein.

Lack of knowledge of the architects of buildings at this period is not confined to those in London, however; and the names of those responsible for such splendid erections as Hatfield and Blickling, to take but these instances, are equally forgotten. It seems, indeed, that these and similar masterpieces were the outcome of many craftsmen without the direction of any head similar to our present conception of an architect. But if our knowledge of the builders of such eye-compelling features as the three I have mentioned is limited, there are in London hundreds of fine buildings of a later date whose designers are known—but only known to those who have given themselves to the particular study of this phase of London's history.

The churches seem properly to demand the first place in this enumeration; and what a subject they alone form for consideration and study! First and foremost stand those for which the great Wren was responsible. So much attention has latterly been drawn to these; their remarkable adaptability to their respective sites, and the consummate beauty and variety of their steeples, have been so carefully considered and insisted upon, that others than architects by now know something of them and can point, with a borrowed knowledge, to their striking merits and even their more recon-dite excellences. The spire of St. Bride's, "a madrigal in stone," as the late Mr. W. E. Henley called it, with its daring repetition of design which, in the hands of a lesser man, would

have proved jejune and monotonous; that of Bow Church, perhaps the finest of all Wren's beautiful steeples; the glorious interior of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, which Canova said was alone worth a journey from Italy to study; St. Clement's Danes, with its originality of contour, the vista to which is now spoilt by the statue of Mr. Gladstone that blocks it out; these, and how many others dotted about London, from the east to the west, are known to those who seek for beauty and find it in their admirable outlines; for surely if one has been likened to a madrigal in stone, then, taken as a whole, they would seem to form a sonnet-sequence in architectural expression.

Indeed Wren has so dominated London with work in this direction, that there are those who, in their haste, set down all the seventeenth and early eighteenth century churches in the Metropolis to his credit. That his inspiration is certainly observable in many of them is obvious enough, but there are numbers with which, of course, he had nothing to do, and it is to these that I want to draw a moment's attention, because in most cases many are ignorant of their designers, or under what conditions they were built.

In 1708 an Act of Parliament was passed for the erection of fifty churches, and a second phase of ecclesiastical building activity began (Wren's may be regarded as the first, and he alone was responsible for over half-a-hundred). At this moment three fine architects were at hand to carry out the wishes of the authorities: Gibbs, Hawksmoor, and James of Greenwich, as he is called.

The first-named was responsible for two of London's best-known churches, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and St. Mary-le-Strand. The former replaced a church which had existed at this spot since the days of Henry the Eighth

when (1535) the parish was first separated from that of St. Margaret's, Westminster. In 1607 a chancel was added to the fabric at the charges of Henry, Prince of Wales, but at the end of a hundred years the building was found to be quite inadequate to the greatly increased parish, and in 1721 Gibbs was commissioned to design the present church. It was the second sacred edifice for which he was responsible, and anxiety to make it a masterpiece, coupled with the knowledge that it was to occupy one of the most prominent sites in London, undoubtedly caused him to take unusual pains with it. Indeed, the portico, its chief feature, is probably unsurpassed in the Metropolis for unity of combination and beauty. Sir William Chambers was so delighted with it that he even ventured to compare it with the Parthenon, but this is the sort of unconsidered eulogy that is apt to do more harm than good to an architect's reputation by overstating the case; a fault that the poet Savage also fell into when he wrote the lines:

O Gibbs! whose art the solemn fane
can raise,
Where God delights to dwell and man
to praise.

But, hyperbole apart, there is no doubt that St. Martin's-in-the-Fields is one of London's most beautiful churches; and it is but justice to its architect's memory that his name should be remembered in connection with it.

St. Mary-le-Strand was the first church Gibbs was employed on, and it was also the first of the fifty new churches which it was intended to erect. It was completed in 1717, but not as it was originally intended so far as the exterior design was concerned, for in place of the present steeple only a small campanile or turret was to have stood at its west end, and at about 80 feet from it a column surmounted by a statue of Queen Anne

was to have risen. The Queen's death, however, caused the Commissioners to alter their minds, and Gibbs was instructed to design the present tower.

There can hardly be two opinions as to St. Mary's inferiority to St. Martin's; it is narrow, it wants dignity, and it is made up of too much detail to be wholly effective, but compared with many other sacred edifices it is successful enough. One wonders how often it is confounded with the neighboring St. Clement's Danes as the work of Wren. Its steeple is, indeed, so good that the greater man might have been not unwilling to claim it as his own.

If Hawksmoor was not, on the whole, so great an architect as Gibbs, at least he was responsible for five churches which, unequal in merit as they are, yet show that he was only less better than the best. Four of these are in the east: St. Anne's, Limehouse; St. George's-in-the-East; St. Mary Woolnoth; and Christ Church, Spitalfields. They were erected between the years 1712 and 1720, and the last is probably the most original in its design of any church in London, for, as Mr. Blomfield says, "In the tower Hawksmoor broke away from all precedent." Architects will appreciate this when it is pointed out that Hawksmoor "has returned the entablature right across from north to south, with two additional columns inserted in the width of the nave, thus forming a screen, and above this he has placed the royal arms; . . . the tower stands at the west end, and beyond it is a bold portico of four detached columns carrying an entablature with a semi-circular vault above it in the centre."¹ On the north and south sides of the tower the entablature forms circular sweeps; indeed, the de-

¹ "History of Renaissance Architecture in England."

sign is full of peculiarities, but what is meritorious in the work is that it here wholly discarded convention, and struck out a line which, if open to criticism, is at once effective and highly original.

Most Londoners know St. Mary Woolnoth, at the west corner of Lombard Street, which was only recently saved from entire demolition, but which has been sadly desecrated by the railway station that nestles in its foundations. There is a massive solidity about this church which is not particularly pleasing, but even the tyro will hardly fail to recognize originality in its heavy features.

But by far the best known of Hawksmoor's churches is St. George's, Bloomsbury, which was begun in 1720 and finished some nine years later. Here, as at St. Martin's, the portico is the chief feature, and it has always been a question which of these two inaugurated this now common characteristic of church architecture; for although St. Martin's was not begun till a year after St. George's, it was finished at least three years earlier. It is on the summit of the latter that what Walpole properly calls "a master-stroke of absurdity" exists in the statue of George the First which surmounts it, and which gave rise to a well-known contemporary epigram. This steeple has also obtained another, and a better, claim to notice, for it appears in the background of one of Hogarth's best-known works.

A still more famous St. George's, that in George Street, Hanover Square, was the work of James of Greenwich. One supposes that this is the best-known church in London, for it has been the scene of fashionable marriages almost from its earliest day. Here Sir William Hamilton was wedded to Emma Hart; here the Duke of Sussex was joined to Lady Augusta Murray, about the results of which cir-

cumstance Lord Eldon tells us with such gusto; here the notorious Lola Montés, who ruined a king and caused a revolution, was married to Mr. Heald (not Heath, as the name is so often wrongly given); here the Iron Duke might have been seen on innumerable occasions "giving away" the brides at fashionable weddings. One wonders how many who have trodden those well-worn steps, or waited beneath that ample portico, have ever asked themselves who designed the church which, seen from Hanover Square, stands out proudly from the adjacent houses. Even Ralph, who wrote certain critical observations on London's buildings, and generally managed to fall foul of most of them, has a good word for St. George's, and the poetic voice of Wordsworth has also been raised on its behalf!

Smith Square is nowadays as forgotten as Nineveh, in fact it is gradually being overtaken by the fate of that proud city, for its exiguous dwellings are slowly being demolished. In its centre, however, still stands the church over whose architectural features more controversy has probably taken place than over those of any other in London. This is St. John's, which was erected by Thomas Archer during the latter years of Queen Anne's reign. It was the second of the fifty churches, and is said to have cost no less than 40,000*l*. The chief points of the building with which critics have fallen foul are the towers at the four corners. These caused Walpole to dub the edifice "a *chef d'œuvre* of absurdity," and Lord Chesterfield to liken it to an elephant with its legs in the air; but there was a cause for these unusual adjuncts over which the architect had no control; for during the erection of the church the ground suddenly began to settle, and rather from necessity than choice the towers were added in order to balance the founda-

tions. It is but due to Archer (who was, however, not a great architect, although he produced one good work—St. Philip's, Birmingham), to state that he intended, when he found these towers were necessary, to raise the body of the fabric and to surmount it with a large central tower and spire; an addition he was not permitted to make.

Another architect whose name should not be forgotten, but who was, in truth, not a much greater artist than Archer, is Flitcroft, and two London churches can be placed to his credit: St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and St. Olave, Tooley Street, as well as that of St. John, at Hampstead. In the first, which was built between 1731 and 1733, the influences of Gibbs and even of Wren is observable, but Flitcroft had not quite sufficient individual genius to make very much of what he filched from better men, although, considering the period in which he lived, his plans have no little relative merit. He made two designs for St. Giles, but the first did not commend itself to the authorities, and it was applied to St. Olave's which was erected some three years later.

Like Flitcroft, Dance the elder, who built, as most people know, the Mansion House, designed several churches, notably St. Luke's, Old Street; St. Leonard's, Shoreditch; St. Matthias's, Bethnal Green, and St. Botolph, Aldgate. Of these by far the most important is St. Leonard's, in the excellent steeple of which that of St. Mary-le-Bow seems, to some extent, revived. The others are, however, bald and uninspired, and, did not St. Leonard's exist, would prove that Dance's *forte* was not ecclesiastical architecture. The younger Dance, with whose name old Newgate, although no longer existing, will be for ever identified, was also responsible for at least one church, that of All Hallows', London Wall, which seems to indicate an he-

reditary disability in this phase of the designer's art.

If the architects of the London churches are unconnected, in the public mind, with their handiwork, those who have raised what may be here termed secular buildings have not been luckier. Many people know that the beautiful water-gate that stands fronting the Embankment was the work of Inigo Jones, and that that supreme master designed the Banqueting House in Whitehall, a mere fragment of the immense palace he contemplated, but do not realize that an excellent specimen of his domestic architecture exists on the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, in Lindsay House, and that another—Shaftesbury House, in Aldersgate Street—was demolished but a few years since; or that the relic of Ashburnham House in Dean's Yard, with its superb staircase, although erected under the superintendence of Webb, was substantially the work of the same master.

Do the legal luminaries who flit about Lincoln's Inn Fields, or the more infrequent visitors from without its purlieus, ever pause to think who designed the dignified and impressive Newcastle House, now known simply as No. 66? It was that Captain Wynne or Winde (a pupil of Buckingham's art collecting agent, Sir Balthazar Gerbier) who was also responsible for the old red-brick Buckingham House, the precursor of the present Buckingham Palace. He built Newcastle House in 1686 for the Earl of Powis, after whom it was at first named, before in process of time, to be exact in 1705, it became the property of the eccentric first Duke of Newcastle. So much rebuilding has taken place in "the Fields" that it is pleasant to find Lindsay House and Newcastle House still surviving, especially as we can connect the names of their architects with them. This we can also do in the case of Stone Buildings on the

east side of the square, which were erected in 1756 from the designs of Sir Robert Taylor whose name is perpetuated in the Taylorian Museum at Oxford. He it was who largely added to the Bank of England which had been originally designed by George Sampson, and opened in 1734, and who was also responsible for the Bishop of Ely's old house in Dover Street, now converted into club premises.

At an earlier day much building development about this western portion of the town was done by Kent for Lord Burlington. Many of the houses in Burlington Gardens are his work, so is No. 44 Berkeley Square, with its beautifully and skilfully arranged staircase which he designed for Lady Isabella Finch, and probably Lord Powis's next door which has many of the same architectural characteristics. On a more ambitious scale is Devonshire House, which was designed by Kent in 1735, for the third Duke, but which has been considerably altered since his day by Decimus Burton and Crace.

Nothing proves the superiority of Kent's internal arrangement of houses over their external decoration better than Devonshire House which, considering the opportunity the architect had, is curiously uninspired. Ralph in a characteristic passage wrote of it that "it is spacious, and so are the East India Company's warehouses, and both are equally deserving of praise."

Kent could do, and did, better work, however; for the Horse Guards is his, although he did not live to finish it, and his pupil, Vardy, completed the building. Those who knew Holkham, which is Kent's most ambitious piece of domestic architecture, will not need to be told that it possesses certain features in common with the Horse Guards, which are sufficient to stamp these two buildings as the work of one and the same architect.

Vardy, whom I have thus incident-

ally mentioned, deserves to be otherwise remembered, because he was the principal designer of Spencer House, in many respects one of London's most satisfying great houses. I say "principal designer", because "Athenian" Stuart had a hand in it, and planned the St. James's Place front; but Vardy was responsible for the most effective portion, that facing the Green Park, and for the internal arrangements which are said to be more modern in construction than those of any other house of the period. Uxbridge House, in Burlington Gardens, now the West-end Branch of the Bank of England, was also designed by Vardy, with the help of Bonomi, but he was not identical with the architect of Spencer House, and was not improbably a son of the latter.

Another great mansion that owed its origin to a conjunction of talent is Burlington House. As we see it to-day, it has been so altered, by Smirke, that its earlier appearance has been well-nigh obliterated, but when it was erected by the third Earl of Burlington who was assisted in the work by Gibbs, Kent, Colin Campbell, and Leoni (who built Moor Park, in Hertfordshire) it must have been singularly imposing, and an almost universal consensus of contemporary praise attests this. Lord Chesterfield, however, is found in the minority, and so is Hogarth, but other than purely architectural reasons seem to have biased the judgment of these critics. The plate produced by the latter, entitled "The Taste of the Town," as well as his so-called "small masquerade ticket," will be remembered in this connection; while Lord Chesterfield's epigram has also been preserved, and runs thus:

Posses'd of one great hall for state,
Without a room to sleep or eat;
How well you build let flattery tell,
And all the world how ill you dwell.

It was the "Vainqueur du monde"

who also said of General Wade's house in Cork Street, which had been designed by Lord Burlington, that "as the General could not live in it at his ease, he had better take a house over against it, and look at it." The implied criticism here is at least flattering to Lord Burlington's treatment of the façades designed by him, and is similar to the remark made about Vanbrugh's huge erections, particularly Blenheim, where someone, after being shown over the palace by the then Duke, asked: "And where do you live?"

Lord Chesterfield determined not to fall into this fault when he came to build Chesterfield House, and in selecting Isaac Ware as its architect he found a man who was capable of uniting a comfortable interior with a dignified exterior. Indeed Ware's most excellent characteristic was that he was beyond his day in attending to the convenience of those who were to live in the houses he designed, rather than, like many of his contemporaries, in sacrificing the internal arrangements to mere outward effect. It is for this reason that the dwellings he planned in Bloomsbury Square, South Audley Street, Bruton Street, Hanover Square, Berkeley Square, and elsewhere, are not particularly eye-compelling, but are essentially liveable mansions.

The Adam Brothers at a slightly later day, on the other hand, tried to combine these characteristics, and to some extent succeeded, although the very nature of their scheme of decoration, except in certain isolated instances, was hardly virile enough to give particular dignity to the façades they erected.

Among the chief exceptions to this in London are Lansdowne House, probably their masterpiece, not only in elevation but in internal decoration; No. 20 St. James's Square; Boodle's Club in St. James's Street, and the

large house in Stratford Place, Oxford Street; all built, it will be remembered, to order. It is worth while drawing attention to the fact that where they were employed on commission the Adams generally worked in stone; but where they were engaged on speculative building they had recourse, largely, to Liardet's patent stucco, in which they were able to develop their favorite designs at far less expense than had these been carved in a less plastic material. This will be observed in much of the Adelphi; in the east side of Fitzroy Square, and in some of the houses in Hanover Square, and, indeed, in most of what may be termed their private work.

Although house-planning occupied most of the energy of the Adams, they occasionally produced decorative work of a different kind, apart, of course, from their numberless designs for doorways, chimney-pieces, etc., which may be seen in so many London houses, and of which fifty folio volumes of sketches are preserved in the Soane Museum; and the most notable example of this is the screen which helps to hide from Whitehall the uninspired Admiralty, which was, by the by, the work of Ripley, who built Houghton Hall for Sir Robert Walpole.

I suppose that most people know that Sir William Chambers built Somerset House, certainly one of London's most effective landmarks, even now that the Embankment has spoilt the effect which the river front produced when the Thames lapped its massive water-gate; but the architect's hand may not be generally recognized in "The Albany," originally Melbourne House, which was begun in 1770 for the first Lord Melbourne; or in Carrington House, Whitehall, demolished some years since to make way for the present War Office, in which the splendid rooms and magnificent staircase were worthy of one of England's greatest

architects, which Chambers could undoubtedly claim to be. When the fate of this fine mansion was sealed, a scheme was formulated for moving it bodily to another site, as is occasionally done with success in America, but for some reason, hardly on the score of expense—for it was estimated that the removal could have been effected for 4000*l.*, less than one-tenth what the place had cost—the idea was abandoned.

When we come to later days, the names of those responsible for buildings whose outlines we know as we do our own hand, seem equally forgotten. How many could say that Barry built the Houses of Parliament and the Reform Club, or that Street produced the Law Courts, or that Smirke designed the Carlton Club, to take but these instances? The beautiful ecclesiastical work of Pearson and Bodley, Bentley and Butterfield and Seddon, is around us on all sides, but who can point to the churches which they raised and connect them with the names of their designers? And if this be the case with the work of men who are of our own day, is it surprising that those who are with "yesterday's seven thousand years," should be forgotten?

The ordinary amateur prides himself on knowing something of the characteristics of the old masters of pictorial art. He will point you out a Raphael or a Reynolds; a Cuyt or a Velasquez, with the assurance of a critic; even the more recondite masters will yield their mysteries to his indefatigable inquiry; but in the case of the masterpieces of architecture few appear to take the trouble to learn when they were erected or who were responsible for their design, and the man who would blush to be thought uninformed of the name of a well-known painter will be found lightheartedly acknowledging his ignorance of the architect of some building whose outlines have been

familiar features to him all his life. I cannot but think that it is this want of knowledge in this particular phase of art that largely makes the removal of some architectural masterpiece an easy matter compared with the relegation of some notable picture to another country. When Crosby Hall was demolished it was only a small band who endeavored to stay the work of sacrilege; when Shaftesbury House was pulled down the general public knew not of it. When the building-fiend is abroad only a devoted band go forth to do him battle, not because the majority care for none of these things, but because they do not recognize the value of what will fall into his omnivorous clutches.

People will never stir a hand to preserve a thing unless they realize that it is not only an object of what is absurdly called sentimental value, but also an intrinsic part of the capital, and a possession as much worth preserving as a picture or a book. But when they do this, they will as stoutly defend what architectural remains we can still boast in London as they have done, on so many occasions, the masterpieces of pictorial art which would otherwise have been wrenched from our grasp. Were there but half as many amateur critics of architecture as there are connoisseurs of pictures, one would have comparatively little to fear in this respect.

If what I have said seems highly colored, if not exaggerated, may I tell the following story? Some time ago when speaking to an artist about the subject which forms the basis of this article, I ventured to question if ten out of the first twelve presumably educated men one met in the street could connect with any building in London, with the exception of St. Paul's, the name of its architect. My friend, while agreeing with me in what I feared to have been an over-bold assertion, said that he would even go further than that,

for, said he, "I was the other day talking to an intelligent man, and happened to mention the name of Inigo
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Jones. "Inigo Jones. Who was Inigo Jones?" was the reply.

E. Beresford Chancellor.

THE HOMING POWERS OF ANIMALS.

According to Allen, the animals of Germanicus took part in the wonderful performances at the Roman theatre, and Pliny tells us that the spectacles presented to the assembled thousands were marvellous demonstrations of animal sagacity, even elephants executing a pyrrhic dance, the silent actors at such fêtes being feasted afterwards on a scale that would surpass the most prodigal magnificence of the present day; and though such records of a long past age doubtless have lost nothing in their telling and must be accepted *cum grano salis*, they go to show docility, affection, memory, sagacity, and other dispositions of the members of the higher animals. When Herodius visited Babylon 500 B.C. elephants were employed in domestic duties, and a hundred years later Ctesias saw them rooting up palm-trees at their drivers' orders.

But it is more the memory, faithfulness, and homing characteristics of animals that it is proposed to consider. The wonderful homing power of birds is too well known to be given in great detail. Their long and keen sight from very high altitudes may explain a great deal. One has only to observe the falcon hanging in the air above and watch how he vanishes to the frightened cry of the red grouse, to whom he deals the fatal blow amidst heather the same color as his victim. But no such theory can hold water where the horse, dog, elephant, &c., are concerned.

The following example of a dog's natural homing instincts being put into practice is beyond question, as it came under the immediate notice of the

writer, and can be verified by at least half a dozen disinterested persons. A friend of the writer's owned a collie dog, not by any means pure-bred. When about six years old it seemed to resent the tradesmen's messengers calling at the house, so to avoid danger he was given to the writer's father's shepherd at the home farm, some forty miles away from its home where it had been since puppyhood; but the same snapping tendency prevailed amongst the sheep as at the previously mentioned messengers, and the dog was sent by train to Bristol, sixty-five miles away, and then taken by road five miles to a village. After a lapse of seven days he was back at the shepherd's home footsore and weary. He had tramped the whole way along roads which by no possible chance had he been within one hundred miles of, excepting when shut up in the guard's van of a Midland train, or nearer than sixty miles during the month he spent with the shepherd.

The returning to their old haunts of dogs and cats is of less rarity than with horses, though the latter have a wonderful inborn gift of remembering any road or place over which they have previously travelled. The writer has many times had practical demonstration of this, when lost in a lonely land, he has been overtaken by night and missed a turning, which is not infrequent if hounds finish a long way from home with a strange pack; but the following narrative shows both the planning out and ultimate development of a fixed intention of a horse to return to its former manger. A horse

bought by the writer in County Kerry was brought to England and hunted on the borders of Gloucestershire; it was then taken to the North and lent to a sister, who moved three months later to within twenty-five miles of the horse's former home, but in a part where it had never been before; and even if it had, as will be seen, it would not satisfactorily explain the line of route taken by the animal, but rather the reverse. After a rest of a few days at its new *rendezvous* the horse was during the daytime turned out to grass, being summer-time. It was noticed that it cared little about grazing, and seemed to be examining the situation by walking round the field and gazing into space. On the third evening when the groom visited the field it was nowhere to be seen. After a careful examination of the fences, hoof-marks showed the jumping-place, and so across many fields and along country roads, but seldom on the latter for any great length at a stretch. Inquiries elicited the fact that a strange horse had been seen by the yokels, whose attention it evaded, still keeping to the open country. It was found by a lodge-keeper late the same evening patiently waiting to be admitted. Needless to say, such faithfulness for the old surroundings was rewarded by allowing it to remain in the part evidently loved so well.

Even in the days of very long ago, and certainly since we have learnt more about electricity, magnetism, and the wonderful unseen power of wireless telegraphy, it is much more generally admitted, and particularly by those who have dipped into the subject, that we are more or less, some more than others, affected in no small degree by local conditions, so that subconsciously we are controlled by the environments into which it is our lot to be placed. If such is the case with the unseen influence over the human, why should

man not influence and throw off some of his personality to the animal to be absorbed by the latter? So it is not surprising if domesticated animals show more intelligence than their wilder *confrères*, and in turn develop attributes, as in the cases already quoted, apparently of their own; but doubtless many members of the wilder tribes show remarkable powers of a retentive memory, with some homing instincts. The subject of the next case quoted had for a short space of time been in captivity, but not of a sufficient duration to materially alter its nature, neither is there proof that any of its forebears had been under control.

The elephant cannot be classed as a domesticated animal; it has artificially, so to speak, been trained and made of the greatest usefulness to man, but, unlike the horse, dog, or ox, born in the wilds of the jungle, with all its many admirable qualities it is at best only the captive servant of man, but never his companion. A friend of the writer's who had spent many years in India, and whose word there is no reason to doubt, narrates the following: An elephant that had been in captivity for some three or four years and had shown considerable aptitude for the various duties he was called upon to perform, was found one morning to have broken its parole, and returned to a life of freedom. Some fourteen years afterwards a party who were out to capture some elephants, upon getting half a dozen into close quarters, a driver noticed one that seemed to resent the confines of the kiddah in a lesser degree than the others; at the same time, perceiving one of the ears of the elephant in question had a large V-shaped piece out of the left ear, this mark immediately recalled to memory the fact of a similar blemish in the one that had escaped so many years before. Calling out the name the elephant had been known by,

a startled look came into the beast's beady eyes, and though at first resenting a closer acquaintance, after a very little time the attendant was able to stroke and feed it through the stockade. Upon the return journey it quite fell in with the revived conditions, and upon the second day this animal was placed in front, and though it could not for many years have been within miles of the line of route, yet each bend or turn in the jungle was taken without hesitation, and so to the old home of civilization without any help from the driver.

Jesse, in *Gleanings in Natural History*, recalls to mind a personal experience of an elephant's intelligence in obtaining what it wanted. When feeding it with potatoes, which the animal had been taking from his hand, the animal failed to secure one which rolled just out of the reach of its trunk. Contemplating the situation for a few seconds he blew a gust of wind against the potato, causing it to rebound against the wall, and thus to come within reach.

The remark is often made, "How small the world is!" and doubtless the greater the facilities for bridging space the more shall we realize the truism. Without doubt the animal intellect is chiefly deficient in reasoning powers, and though present to a limited extent, it is the degree to which such powers have matured in each individual instance, together with the surrounding circumstances, that make all the difference observable between various species or members of the same family.

If photographs of what passes through the brain could be reproduced, the film of a certain Irish terrier's reasoning power, who travelled both by sea and land to resume its daily life in the land of its birth, would be indeed interesting. A family named Ridley, living in the neighborhood of Bourne

(Lincolnshire), gave an Irish terrier of the female gender to a visitor who had just secured an appointment as superintendent of a shipping line of steamers in New York, to which port he sailed, taking his newly acquired canine friend with him. They were on excellent terms; the dog was a general favorite on board. "Patsey" always accompanied him morning and evening, in addition to boarding the various vessels to which his work took him. This continued for months, when one evening "Patsey" was not to be found. Some three weeks later, about 2 A.M., the daughter of Mr. Ridley was roused by the alternate barking and whining of a dog; that many dogs have a distinctive voice peculiarly their own all lovers of our canine friends know; but, half awake and half asleep, Miss Ridley concluded she had been dreaming, with "Patsey" the subject of her midnight thoughts, but again the sounds were heard. Being now thoroughly awake, Chaucer's description of a dream, versified by Dryden, might well have occurred to her:

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;

When Monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes.

She went to her brother's room and told him that she had heard "Patsey's" voice. He remonstrated with her for disturbing him and giving way to such stupid fancies, for only some ten days before a letter came from Commander C——, R.N.R., saying the dog was well and happy, but again the barking was heard, and the brother concluding that dogs have their voice-doubles, and thinking that it must be a poor beast that was lost, the two went down together. The door was no sooner opened than a poor, thin animal rushed in, and though evidently very tired, its excitement knew no bounds. The only explanation was that its new owner had suddenly returned to the neighbor-

hood; but why, as he had no other connections than the Riddleys in the east of England? The mystery remained unsolved.

Now for the explanation. A young ship's doctor was on his way to join his ship in New York Harbor; a dog came jumping up to him, and before he knew had crossed the gangway. Being nearly midnight, not liking to turn the dog away to the tender mercies of the dock police, he allowed it to remain in his cabin. Early the next morning he was busy, particularly so with a serious case amongst the stokers, and the ship sailed with the forgotten stow-away. By daylight he recognized the dog, as often when on leave the doctor visited the Riddleys, the families living only some three miles apart. Patsey had tramped from Liverpool when the vessel arrived.

When writing upon the subject under review one can hardly ignore bird-life *in toto*, particularly if brought home to one as the following was. At a military station where the writer was quartered a few years ago it was noticed that a swallow was slightly lame; when rising to fly it had to give a long series of hops before getting on the wing, so preferred to remain chiefly by the sheet of water near the quarters. The swallow, we all know, is a fly- and insect-feeding bird, but this one did not reject crumbs of bread, and as an experiment one day some very finely shredded cooked meat. The feeding went on during the summer, but of course autumn came and brought the usual bird migration. With the return of spring came the swallow, and quite early our maimed friend. This followed for another season, so that beyond all question, though thousands of miles across sea and land, hill and dale, richly cultivated valleys and sun-scorched desert, this mere atom of bird-life, with only the aid of its self-constructed beacon-lights and landmarks,

found its way back each successive year to perhaps the one small spot on the earth's surface where there was some small compensation for its physical handicap. Such birds are not infrequently seen at sea a hundred and fifty miles from the nearest land.

More than one naturalist asserts that these birds return year by year to their old nests, and as most swallows breed twice during the season this must be a great saving of labor, as their nests are not easily or quickly built. Cuckoos are credited with returning in successive years to the same spot, and take advantage of the nests of other birds in which to deposit their eggs and find foster-mothers for their fledglings. The hedge-sparrow seems to be the chief victim, and it was noticed by the writer that the immigrant in question made use of a nest of one of these birds in the same hedgerow for at least three seasons running, also that a member of the cuckoo family with a peculiar and distinctive note year after year made its short April to June sojourn in an orchard near the writer's house.

Even fish, that are usually credited with being the least intelligent members of the animal world, return to their own waters. As a typical instance, note the salmon's avoidance of one stream and decided preference for another. The Avon that runs through the Midland counties and joins the Severn at Tewksbury has never been known to contain a salmon, but the latter-named stream is famous for this, the choicest of fish, who unfailingly make their annual visit to the sea, but upon returning never take the wrong river, though the two are so much alike that the writer has in the dusk more than once on a steam-launch made a mistake, for the junction is V-shaped and the waters of equal coloring.

Cats have the reputation for attach-

ing themselves to places rather than people, and their dislike for water is equally well known. A member of a clergyman's family quoted a case where the cat's personal discomfort stood for little when overtaken by homesickness. The head of the family died, and the vicarage passed into the occupation of the new incumbent. The cat was removed, with what household effects were not sold, to a residence some fifteen miles away. After a short space of time the black cat was missing, though every effort was made to trace it, as it was likely to become a mother; as is often the case at such times, it was thought that probably it had stolen away and would turn up in all its pride with its offspring; but it seemed to have absolutely vanished. In a few weeks' time an old servant who lived near the vicarage said it had been back some weeks and taken up its residence

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in a loft over the stables, a groom giving it milk and food. In the journey from the opposite side of the county, without making a wide *détour*, it was necessary to ford a brook; this the animal had evidently swam, for the groom, when recognizing the cat, noticed the wet state it arrived in one evening.

Reason differs from instinct in its power of accommodation to circumstances, whereas instinct ever remains unchanged. Man's reasoning powers enable him to alter his habits to suit changed conditions; and if, as previously suggested, the animal intellect is still in a low state of evolution so far as reasoning is developed, it may have exceptionally evolved along the lines of capability with desire, enabling it to return to the old haunts even if suffering considerable hardships in doing so.

E. T. Humphries.

A YARN OF THE SEA.

II.

When I came to life again I was lying in a comfortable bed in a big airy whitewashed room. My head ached and my lips were dry and parched, and my limbs stiff and hot. I did not even try to think, and I had not enough sense to be surprised. It all seemed a matter of course, quite in the day's work. I was dimly conscious that a hand put cool cloths on my head and lifting me gave me a drink. Then I slept or fainted again.

How long I remained in that state I do not know. When I awoke next the sun was shining in through the blinds. A pleasant cool wind was blowing through the room. I felt weary and exhausted, but the pain in my head was gone and my limbs felt more like my own. I began to wonder where I was, to remember something

of what had happened. I was sailing on a rough sea. I had been half dead with thirst. A mad Chinaman was pouring the precious water into the sea. I heard the gurgling noise. I cried out and tried to get up. I heard steps coming, and fell back too weak to rise before any one entered. Then a lady came in, a young woman dressed in a pretty blue muslin dress, followed by a Portuguese servant with a tea-tray—a tray covered with a dainty white cloth—a brown teapot, pretty china cups, and some toast and butter. She told me not to move or try to talk. The tray was put down on a little table beside my bed. Then she brought a bottle and spoon and gave me some medicine. When that was done she poured out tea, beat up an egg in some milk and made me drink it. The food seemed to bring back my memory.

The ship on the rocks—the telegram. I tried to get up. "My coat," I gasped; "for heaven's sake, my coat—the telegram, the telegram." I fell back on my pillow.

The lady ran to me, gave me a little brandy, prayed me to be quiet.

"Your telegram has been sent," she said. "You gave it to my husband when he helped you out of the boat. They have sent a steamer to rescue your ship."

"Thank God," I said faintly. It did not matter now what happened.

"It is a week since you landed," she went on. "The doctor did not think you would live. My husband is magistrate here, and he has taken care of the men. They have not suffered as you have. But you are not to talk. I will leave you some milk in case you need anything. Sleep if you can—that is all you have to do."

I suppose I slept: I was certainly unconscious. After that sleep, which must have been long, I mended rapidly. Soon I was able to sit up in bed propped with pillows. The doctor allowed me a little solid food, and said he would soon take me off his list. He was a cheery good fellow that doctor. The lady (Mrs. Smith let me call her) was very kind. Every morning after I had made my toilet she came with my breakfast, and until I was strong enough to sit in a chair she read the papers to me and chatted for an hour or so. Smith also came to see me occasionally. He was a wooden, bloodless kind of man, with a pallid moth-eaten face. He would look at me with no smile of kindness, no recognition that we owned a common humanity. He never spoke to me except to ask when I should be able to get up.

After a few days—I did not reckon how the time went by—I noticed a change in my hostess's manner. She no longer gave me a cheery word when

she came into my room in the morning. She no longer sat while I ate my breakfast, no longer read to me. She would hardly meet my eyes or answer my greeting.

After a while I could stand this no more. I asked her bluntly what I had done to offend her. She replied curtly that Mr. Smith would speak to me, and left the room.

In the evening I heard the doctor and Smith coming along the verandah talking in what seemed to me excited tones. "It is brutal, perfectly brutal," the doctor said; Smith answered, "I must do my duty, whatever you may think." They came in. The doctor spoke kindly to me, asked how I was, felt my pulse, took my temperature, and all that kind of business.

"Well?" said the Moth-eaten one, "can he be moved without danger?"

"Yes, without positive danger, certainly. But I tell you it is brutal. Think of what he has done. He is very weak still."

"Very well," said Smith roughly. "Certify that he is unfit to be moved and I will let him remain. If not, I must do my duty."

The doctor shook his head, and Smith turned and went out.

"What is it all about?" I asked. "I see he does not want me here. Is there no other place I can go until I can travel?"

"As for that, my boy, my wife and I would take you into our bungalow gladly, but Smith will not let me."

"Not let you!" I cried; "how can he prevent it? I will get up at once and dress myself," and I tried to jump up, but the excitement was more than I could stand, and I had to lie down again.

"Stay quiet, my dear boy," said the surgeon. "If you promise to lie quiet and listen, I will explain things to you."

I promised, and he then told me all

that had been happening while I was ill.

It appeared that there was a missionary in the station who had been in China. Naturally enough he had sought out the Chinese seamen to see if he could help them. At first they were too weary and sullen to talk. But after a while they and the quartermaster had had long conversations with the missionary, one of which the doctor had overheard while he was attending the missionary's wife who was ill. The men were very excited, and the missionary had interrupted with exclamations of horror, and had gone off with them and the quartermaster to Smith's office. The result was that an order had been made for my arrest on a charge of murder and my removal to the jail. This had occurred some days after we had landed. He had resisted my removal on medical grounds hitherto, but he could not honestly withhold his consent now.

Next day the magistrate came with a guard of native police, arrested me on a charge of murder on the High Seas, and warned me that anything I said might be used against me. He was about to make the preliminary inquiry, and would then commit me to the Bombay High Court. When I had dressed and they were going to move me off, Mrs. Smith came in and began to say how sorry she was, and she was certain it was all a mistake. But her husband checked her and asked her to go away. The poor lady flushed and left the room. I could see she feared her husband. I thanked her in the warmest words I could find as she went out.

I will pass over the time I spent in that Coconada jail. It was a dismal place, and if it had not been for the kindness of Dr. Broune it would have gone hard with me. I was locked up in a dismal whitewashed room with a string-bed, a brass washing-bowl and

a large pitcher of water and a tin mug. It was lighted from two windows high up in the wall. The jailer told me they had never had a European prisoner before, and there were no arrangements for feeding or cooking for a white man. However, I was able to get some tea and a loaf of bread at once, and Dr. Broune, who was superintendent of the jail as well as civil surgeon, sent me food every day from his own table.

Every day at eleven I was marched under a guard of three policemen to the magistrate's office, where the inquiry was being held. The doctor forbade Smith to keep me standing in the dock, so I was allowed a chair. He also limited my stay in court to three hours a-day. As the Chinamen only knew a little pigeon English and the ordinary Lascar sea slang, and as the missionary who had volunteered his services as interpreter had learnt the slender Chinese he knew for preaching purposes, and as Smith persisted in cross-examining them on the minutest details, it is not wonderful that the examination of the witnesses occupied more than a week.

On the first day I returned to my room in the jail in a state of mental and bodily depression. Hitherto I had regarded the matter as a stupid mistake which would soon be put right. After the case was opened, however, and I heard some of the statements slowly and haltingly interpreted by the missionary, I began to think that it was more than a joke. When I heard it stated that I had shot the Chinaman through the head and, while I frightened off the others, cut pieces off the dying man and fed upon them, indignation forced me to interrupt. I was told to keep silence, that I should have an opportunity to cross-examine later on, and so on; but meanwhile was I to listen hour after hour to these fables? How did I know that the in-

terpreter, who did not seem to me to be an educated clergyman, really knew Chinese? A burning sense of wrong and injustice laid hold of me. After all I had gone through to save the ship, was my life to be sworn away by three Chinese sailors and a Cockney quartermaster?

After my return from court I was sitting in my cell feeling wretchedly ill and weak, and dazed by the fate threatening me, when the door opened and the cheery doctor came in.

"Well," said he, "I was in court, and this is a cursed business. But never say die. What! You have not touched your dinner? Well, I don't wonder," he went on, looking at some food that had been put down beside me by one of the warders and smelling it. "I have ordered you some tea and bread and butter at once, and I will send over some dinner from my bungalow when we have ours. You see we have never had a white man in this lock-up before, and there are no cooking arrangements. Ah, here is your tea [tea, neatly served on a tray, was brought in]. Feed now and have a smoke; here are some cigars. I must be off to the hospital. I shall be back in half an hour, and you can tell me the whole story, for as yet nothing is clearly known to any of us."

He was back in less than the time mentioned, and while I smoked he sat beside me on the cot—there were no chairs—and I gave him a short account of the whole business. He listened attentively.

"Well, my boy," he said, when I had finished, "I am quite satisfied that you have done your duty as a man. You have saved the ship and all on board, and if it was necessary for that purpose to slay a madman, it was right to do it. But tell me, why do these heathen say you ate him?"

"Revenge, I suppose," said I. "To avenge their comrade's death. They

have sense enough to see that if they told the truth, that I killed the man because he was mad and they would not help to confine him, I should be acquitted. So they have invented the tale of my eating him. It is possible their story may have been misinterpreted. But if they get to understand the sense given to it, they will adopt the version and stick to it. My hope is that the quartermaster's evidence will dispose of this lie."

"You ought to have good legal advice at once," he replied. "Wire at once to your agent in Bombay."

He called a warder, sent for a telegraph form and a pencil. I wrote—
"To the Agent, — Company,
Bombay.

"Arrested charge of murder. Conspiracy of boat's crew. Send lawyer."

"That will do," said the doctor. "I will despatch it at once on my way home."

And he left me feeling much better in every way. An hour or two after a comfortable dinner was brought to my cell, and a large bottle with a dispensary label on it, "To be taken twice daily after meals." It proved to be excellent port.

I awoke next morning in much better heart every way. A really comfortable breakfast came for me from the doctor's house, which was just outside the jail; and, although smoking was strictly forbidden inside the walls, I had a good cigar. At eleven I was marched off to the court, and the same game began between the magistrate, the witnesses, and the interpreter. At length the evidence of the three heathen was taken, and I thought we should come to the quartermaster. Not at all. Smith insisted on recalling the witnesses and subjecting them to further examination. I noticed that on this second occasion they amplified and adorned every point. I had kept all

the water and biscuits for myself, and had threatened to shoot any one who touched them. They were beside themselves with thirst. The murdered man tried to seize a beaker. I had fired at him and missed; but afterwards I had got up in the night and killed him with a blow, and, after cutting pieces of flesh off him, had thrown him overboard.

It needed all my self-control to remain silent while tales of this kind were interpreted piecemeal by the missionary, carefully recorded by the magistrate, and then repeated in what was supposed to be Chinese by the interpreter to the witness, who was asked if it was correct. I refused to cross-examine. I only asked one thing, namely, that the proceedings should end as soon as might be.

Then came the quartermaster. Attfield took the oath glibly. Just as he was finishing with a confident "S'help me, God," he caught my eye, and the wretched coward shook with fear.

"E'll kill me, sir," he whimpered, pointing his finger at me. "I know 'e will."

"You will not help your case by threatening the witness," said Mr. Smith to me.

"Begging your pardon," I said, "I have never threatened him. I have neither moved nor spoken. It is his guilty conscience that is frightening him, if he is frightened."

Then his evidence was taken. There was no need of interpreting now, and it did not take more than an hour. It was a wonderful mixture of falsehood and truth, and vivid withal. I hardly blamed Smith for believing it.

"What do you know of this matter?" asked Smith.

"No-no-nothing at all," said Attfield, stammering.

"You were in the boat when the Chinaman was killed?"

"I was, but I did not see him killed.

I did not hear the shot. I was dead with fatigue. He made me steer the boat without rest, threatening to shoot me if I left the tiller. When he relieved me I fell down on the bottom of the boat and became unconscious. I was roused by being kicked and shaken. It was the mate. 'Get up,' he said, 'you ——.' His language was always hawful. I managed to sit up. 'Stand up, you ——,' he cried, 'or I'll brain you.' I stood up, and saw that one of the Chinamen was lying huddled up under the thwart. 'Take hold of his legs,' said the mate. 'What for?' said I. 'He's dead,' said he. 'We must pitch him overboard.' 'I daren't do it; it's murder,' I said. 'I tell you he's dead,' he bawled; 'up with his legs or I'll send you after him, you ——,' and he put a pistol to my head. 'Mercy,' I said. I was that weak with hunger and thirst I could have cried. I had no choice. I caught up the man's legs. He was light enough, for heat and want of water had told on him. Then Mr. Dick whipped him up by the shoulders. We swung him once or twice and then heaved him clean out of the boat. The sharks had him almost before he touched the water. It fair makes me sick to think of it."

"Did you see the accused cut pieces of flesh off the body?"

"I did not, but I saw blood on the boat, and a clasp-knife belonging to the mate was lying stained with blood."

There was much more of the same sort. When I listened to it I began to realize the danger of my position. I was without any legal assistance. I had the sense to refuse to ask any questions or make any statements. I reserved my defence.

I was committed for trial to the Bombay High Court.

"Do not worry," said my friend the doctor as I was being removed from

the court. "That evidence will not hold before the High Court. You had better write to the agent at once and ask him to make arrangements for your defence." I forgot to say that the agent had been advised not to send a lawyer to Coconada, but to reserve all the defence for the High Court. I had an answer by return post sending me some money and saying that the best man in Bombay had been retained to defend me.

I need not say much about my journey to Bombay in charge of a European constable who was sent down for me: from the precautions taken I might have been Tilak himself, who was being prosecuted at the time for sedition. At Bombay two constables, Europeans of sorts, with a *posse comitatus* of natives, were on the platform to meet me. Crowds of natives gathered round to see the *tamasha*, an Englishman being taken to jail. I was lodged in the Central prison in Bombay in a room very much resembling that which I had left in Coconada. I was allowed a pun-kah, however, and mosquito curtains. The jailer was a Eurasian and a civil fellow, and he undertook to send a letter to our agent at once to tell him of my arrival. Next day the agent came to see me, and he did all he could to make me comfortable. The leader of the Bar, M'Alister, had taken the brief for me, and as soon as he had read the depositions he would come to consult with me. The Company's orders were that everything possible should be done. I asked about the ship. She was still on the reef and the captain and crew on board. They thought they could get her off by lightening her, and a ship was going down for that purpose. The passengers had been brought away; and the first thing they did on landing was to send in a letter to the Company expressing their gratitude to me for saving their lives and their sympathy for the unmerited

ill-fortune which had befallen me.

The agent did all he could to procure my release on bail. But the native papers were taking the case up and making it a text for articles denouncing the barbarity of the British and the callousness with which they treated Asiatics. The Court refused to move beyond the letter of the law. However, the inconvenience of imprisonment was made up to me by the kindness of numbers of my fellow-countrymen of all ranks who came to see me and to proffer their services, providing me with books and other small luxuries, which they were allowed to do by the jail authorities without hindrance.

During the next two weeks before the trial came on I was occupied for some time with my counsel. He took the greatest pains to master every detail of my story, and by his advice it was settled that I should plead not guilty, while admitting the homicide.

When the day came I was taken in the police-van to court and placed in the dock. I cannot describe the court, even if I wished, for I only saw what immediately concerned me. Besides, I do not want the scenes of these occurrences to be recognized. I have called them Coconada and Bombay, and so on, but the reader need not try to search the records of trials in the Bombay Court. I saw the Judge, a little round man with a red clean-shaven face, a firm clean-cut mouth, and bright active eyes. Below him was a long table for the Bar. I saw Mr. M'Alister, my counsel, there talking and laughing with some others. But it was the crowd that interested me most. The body of the court was filled with people come to see the man who had eaten a Chinaman, and I could observe a look very much akin to disappointment just sweep over their faces when they saw me. Evidently I did not come up to their idea of a sea ogre. A

mere lad of slight build, above the average height, pale from heat and illness, with wavy brown hair and blue eyes, I did not come up to my reputation. "Poor boy!" I heard some of the ladies on the bench near the Judge whisper, and I felt grateful.

Then the jury was empanelled. I watched them attentively as they answered to their names, a good average lot of men from the business men of the town, with a fair proportion of seamen, officers from the ships in the harbor. I felt quite content to leave my case in their hands.

The Government Advocate, who conducted the prosecution, rose and stated the facts in a quiet businesslike fashion. He told the jury how the ship had gone ashore, how essential it was to obtain help, how I had been selected by the commander for the job. And then, turning to the jury, he said—

"Whatever your decision may be on the issue presented to you, there is no doubt that the prisoner at the bar justified his commander's choice, and by his pluck, endurance, and seamanship saved the lives of the passengers and crew." A murmur of applause rose, but was at once repressed. Then he went on in a quiet voice to say that they must not be influenced in their verdict by this. "It will be proved that the prisoner deliberately slew one of the three Chinamen who formed his boat's crew, and threw him into the sea. It is not contended that there was any malicious motive in the ordinary sense. But the killing of this man was intentional—that the prisoner admits. Was it justifiable? If the witnesses are to be believed, and it is difficult to imagine that their tale is invented, the prisoner killed the man deliberately for meat, as a butcher kills a sheep, and satisfied his hunger by eating pieces cut from the body. I think that his lordship will tell you that homicide for such a cause is not

justifiable. Moreover, it is not clear that the prisoner was in such deadly straits for food."

The examination of the witnesses then began. The Chinamen stuck to their story. The cross-examination had to be conducted through an interpreter, who was plainly a very bad one, and M'Alister was at great disadvantage. He could not shake them materially. Attfield remained. The interest in the case evidently revived when he entered the box. Here at any rate was an English sailor. Some light would now be thrown on the facts. In his examination by the Government Advocate, he kept closely to his story as recorded by the magistrate. Whenever he was pressed he took refuge in the condition to which he had been reduced by fatigue and thirst.

My counsel took him very gently, sympathized with his sufferings, congratulated him on the part he had borne in a gallant deed, and soothed him into a state of confidence and self-satisfaction. He got him to tell how the boat had been provisioned, and how ample supplies of biscuit and water had been put on board. He led him on to describe the weather, the difficulties of steering, the course taken, the sufferings from thirst, and so on. Then suddenly changing his tone, he demanded how they came to suffer from thirst when the supply of water was enough for four or five days longer than they had been in the boat. After a little fencing, for the man was cunning enough to see the bearing of the question, Attfield lost his nerve and had to admit that the water had been wasted, poured into the sea by one of the Chinamen who had gone mad, and that this was the man said to have been slaughtered for food. Then he let him leave the witness-box.

"My Lord," said M'Alister, addressing the Court, "from the nature of the case we have no witnesses. The law

does not permit the prisoner to give evidence. I ask that he may be permitted to make his own defence to the jury." Leave was granted, and I told the whole story to the jury as I have told it here.

The Judge then summed up in a very few words. I can hear every syllable as if it had been yesterday. A man is not charged with murder and cannibalism every day of his life. He said, "Gentlemen, the case is perfectly simple. The prisoner admits that he caused the deceased Chinaman's death. The Chinese witnesses for the prosecution affirm that he killed their comrade solely to satisfy his craving for flesh, and for no other cause. Their story is confirmed to a certain extent by the witness Attfield, whose evidence, I am bound to tell you, deserves close scrutiny. If this evidence is believed you must find the prisoner guilty. No degree of hunger will justify one man

Blackwood's Magazine.

in killing another. On the other hand, if you believe the prisoner's statement that the man went mad, had more than once poured the drinking-water into the sea, and had reduced all in the boat to imminent danger of death from thirst, and that there was no means of binding or watching him, then seeing that the lives, not only of those in the boat, but of all in the ship on the reef, were jeopardized by this madman, the prisoner's action was amply justified, and you will give a verdict of not guilty. In short, gentlemen, the issue may be put in four small words—Did he eat him?"

After a consultation without leaving the box, the jury unanimously acquitted me and complimented me on the good work I had done. When I left the court I had quite an ovation from the Englishmen in Bombay, especially from the sailors.

C. H. T. Crosthwaite.

PARLIAMENTARY TIME.

BY SIR JAMES YOXALL, M. P.

Big Ben swings overhead, but we seldom hear him; the roof and glass false ceiling of the House of Commons seem to possess a muffling power. Only now and then, in the dead of dinner-time perhaps, when no more than three members constitute the visible quorum, does that deep minatory roar of his boom in among the surcease of human sound. And then one thinks remorsefully how precious and fugitive, and wasted often, are the Parliamentary hours.

Before me lies a wonderful volume, bound in calf, with gilded or marbled edges, majestic with tooling, and a most workmanlike piece of the book-binder's art. It contains a thousand large crown octavo pages, which with the utmost gravity report, summarize, catalogue and index the proceedings in

Parliament "from Tuesday, nineteenth day of May, to Tuesday, second day of June," in a recent year. This book—no edition of Wordsworth will ever be so sumptuous—records the occupations of a legislative fortnight, eight Parliamentary days and two halves. Almost at random I open it, and hap upon a speech which is three and a half pages long. And there I read this luminous utterance, by a Member whom, of course, I do not name:

No doubt the adjustment of that principle to the infinitely varying difficulties of different places was a matter well worthy of the consideration of this House, and might well call for help from all parties in the House and men of all varieties of experience, but important and difficult as would be the methods by which that principle could be carried out, they could, he thought,

consider it in Committee. These matters, though of high, were still of secondary importance. The real principle was the one which he had suggested to the House, and was to be found in that provision of the Bill. If that was the case, he, for one, would wish to support the Bill, because that was its central principle, though he was grateful to the hon. and learned Member for the clearness with which he had analyzed the objections which could be taken to that principle, and when he sought to represent to the House how easy it would be to carry out its opposite principle.

Then, turning the costly pages casually, but pausing as I reach the report of a Debate in the Upper House, I come upon this other gem of brief and pointed speech.

My lords, the noble Earl was kind enough to make me aware of the course he intended to adopt with regard to this Bill. I think all my noble friends on this side will agree that it was extremely desirable that he should do this evening something more than formally move the First Reading of the Bill, and that he should lay before us a clear statement of the reasons which have induced His Majesty's Government to move in this matter. I was glad the noble Earl went on to say that he did not expect us on this side of the House to pronounce a final judgment upon the proposals of His Majesty's Government this evening. I am not prepared to do so even on my own account; still less am I prepared to commit those with whom I usually act. I will only say this with regard to what fell from the noble Earl, that to the best of my belief he described correctly the main object with which we insisted upon the insertion in the Bill of a clause protecting a certain section of what were generally described as—

but the reader of that will have read enough of that. Again the moving finger causes a few elaborate pages to fall over, and the report of what happened at that lively period Question-time next afternoon is reached. And

I find—quite easily, without much critical searching, I assure you—that an Hon. Member of the House of Commons inquired of “the Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland whether he is aware that at an open court held in —, in the county of —, on 28th of April last, the magistrates refused to allow witnesses to be examined in cases against — and —, when applications were made to estreat their recognizances, though their solicitor denied the truth of the complaint, and demanded that evidence should be heard on both sides; whether such refusal to hear witnesses was in accordance with Section 20 of the Petty Sessions Act; whether Section 34 of the Petty Sessions Act, dealing with recognizances, was complied with; whether, seeing that no special form of proof of such non-performance is provided by statute, the ordinary proof must be given as provided by Section 20 of the Petty Sessions Act, and evidence heard on both sides; whether he is aware that the magistrate admitted in evidence, as proof of the non-performance of the conditions of recognizances, certificates of such non-performance signed by one magistrate at the foot of the recognizances dated 31st March 1907, though no offence or conviction was proved; what jurisdiction had the magistrates to admit such certificates in evidence as proof of the non-performance of the conditions referred to; what order, if any, did the magistrate make on this occasion; and, considering all the circumstances of the case, will he take steps, if fines were imposed, to have these fines remitted or else very much reduced?” I suppose the answer to that was worded as briefly as possible, but alas! it was in fact as long as the question itself.

The price of liberty is eternal vigilance, and the High Court of Parliament must not be deaf to even the longest-winded utterance of the hum-

blest complaint. But oh, the verbosity of it all, and the irritating circumlocution, and also the ponderous *politesse*—a veneer the thickest when least needed—with Big Ben tolling unheard above it all; with the sands of the hour-glass, so golden in the upper bulb, swiftly sliding down into the detritus, wrack, and waste of evaporated Parliamentary time!

It is "sounding jargon," for a large part, that this book and a thousand like it record: it is also individual *gaspillage* of time.

No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains

To tax our labors and excise our brains.

Foreign Parliaments have their *salles des pas perdus*; the Lobby is ours. If it could tell its tale? How many utterly useless pacings it witnesses! It is too small for exercise, and too crowded; sometimes it resembles a gilt cage. The men to whom some sporting Member first gave the name of Whips keep watch at the lawful exit—I have seen them holding their victims in by force that was playful, but force. Honor bars the other sally-ports, so up and down the Lobby-tiles go men who have failed to "get a pair," pacing, striding, prowling—not unlike some of the fiercer mammals at the Zoo. Not one in ten of them is a keen Parliamentarian only unable to enjoy a serener air. Home woos them, the quiet fireside, books, the concert, drama, or dinner-party; but unless they will let themselves *slink* away, by some backdoor egress, until midnight or the small hours, or nine the next morning sometimes, they must remain the prisoners of those gilded bars, with whom "time ambles withal." Many a Parliamentary day resembles a slice of streaky bacon, pale and gross, with just a few fine lines of red.

We meet during the wrong hours of the day; if it were not that of late

years it has all been Session, I would say that the Session occupies the wrong months of the year. May, June, and July smile outside with vain invitation, and perversely the place is shut during November, December, and January. Sporting Members in the past decided that the months for shooting and fox-hunting should be as little Parliament-occupied as possible, and lawyer Members in the past obtained that we should not meet until nearly the closing hour at the Courts. Sporting Members are a minority now, and so are lawyers still, but the bad old arrangements persist, indefeasible. Generals January and February fought for Russia often; and Generals July and August fight for the Government—*any* Government—through the hot days and nights of the fag-end of Session. No Ministry will ever consent to alter the Parliamentary calendar, for Ministries rely upon heat and weariness to help to drive their Bills through at the tired end.

And thus late at night, and during the dog-day part of the year, we slaves of the lamp which burns above Big Ben must dwell, within echo of a bell that stridently forces its sound upon us, the three sharp electric tinkles which summon us to "divide." In a special sense "divide and govern" is the Parliamentary motto, for most of us do not clearly understand, very often, the particular proposal which calls for the vote we are to give, and again the Whips are our insistent mentors and guides. We have not heard the debate; not one in ten of us glues himself to the green benches. Most of us flee from the House to its precincts after Question-time, and only flittingly return between four o'clock in the afternoon and the "interruption of business" (as it is called, with no intentional irony), at eleven. The artificiality, inconcision, and meandering length of the average speech, and the

frequent uprising of bores, forbid one's continuous presence in the House proper. And though we are not Homeric, we nod. The very air is sleepy. It has been so pumped, filtered, washed, warmed or iced, and played such scientific tricks with, that it becomes almost de-oxygenated, and to breathe it is like living under a semi-exhausted receiver. Daylight fades as we begin the sitting, except in summer months, and we lighten our darkness by a lavish and eye-spoiling magnificence of artificial illumination, in library, smoke-room, and refectory. We begin and end too late; the very hour which now sees the end of Questions, in Stuart times heard the cry of "Who goes home?"

This volume of Parliamentary Debates, taken down from the shelves at hazard, as I sit in a corner of that happy oasis the Library, reminds me that recently a Member spoke for five pages in favor of short speeches, and that the very proposal he put forward was verbose. He would have it "that no speech by a Member, other than a member of the Government, made in the House shall exceed one half-hour in duration, except with the leave of the House granted without a negative voice, and that no speech made in Committee of the whole House shall, subject to the same qualification, exceed a quarter of an hour; that at the close of the said period of one half-hour or a quarter of an hour respectively, Mr. Speaker or the Chairman, as the case may be, do take the pleasure of the House whether the Member be allowed to proceed; and that this Resolution be a standing order of the House." That is very much a sample of the way in which we word the laws we make at Westminster. In France the spirit of a law is stated briefly: here it is the letter of the law that counts. And that is why "Judge-made law" so often negatives the

known object of a statute. A Bill when it quits the House of Parliament is a kind of verbal mosaic, with all sorts of new words, phrases, and emendations worked into the original pattern to make it professedly symmetrical and complete. And this very custom of thinking much about exact expressions, and making them tediously long and full so that they may perhaps be unassailable by legal ingenuity, affects the written terms of our proposals and the language in which we orally lay them before the House. As "the duty of his Majesty's Opposition is to oppose," we therefore, when in opposition, become ingenious in quibbles, deft with impossible amendments, and hefty in all that can delay, drag on, and dissipate Parliamentary time; like the "loud and troublesome insects of the hour" of whom Burke the great Parliamentarian wrote.

When the motion quoted in the foregoing paragraph had been proposed, an hon. Baronet rose to a point of order at once, and this is typical of our proceedings. He submitted to the Deputy-Speaker "that the Resolution should be divided into two parts, that the first part should stop at the word "proceed"—unconscious irony or Irishism there—"in the last line but one, and that the second part 'and that this Resolution be a Standing Order of the House' should be put as a separate question." The first part, he said, dealt with certain alterations which were proposed to be made, and which if carried would have the effect of a Sessional Order. The second part dealt with an alteration of the Standing Orders of the House. He submitted that a single Resolution could not create a Sessional Order and at the same time alter the Standing Orders of the House. That was all rubbish, but the Deputy-Speaker had to rule upon it, although everybody knew that whether he ruled or not, or how he

ruled, did not really matter, because the Motion would not be voted on at all. And yet this palaver on short speeches proceeded with due gravity and deliberation, lasting from half past eight until, as the book records, "it being Eleven of the clock, the Debate stood adjourned." It has not been resumed; ambiguous, undecided, never voted on, absurdly abortive, it lasted through eighteen pages and ended in smoke; for fragrant were the cigars lit in the cloak room, as down the corridors and stairs resounded our *nunc dimittis*, "Who goes home?"

The humor of it! Charity may smile. Yes, but the unbusiness-like protraction, the mock economy, and the futility too! The tongue was in the cheek all the while. The augurs might sit solemn and the representative of the Government deliver the official view as if the matter had the gravest moment, but an Irish Member cruelly pointed out that the proposer

The Cornhill Magazine.

—"the hon. Member who was so anxious for few and short speeches—during the last Session had spread himself over no less than a hundred and seventy-eight subjects, and took the House into his confidence with regard to his views upon all." Thus is it that even the boldest reformers among us in this matter unconsciously grow into the habit of wasting the fleeting and irreparable hours. But here is the Library, a haunt of learned peace, a silent nook in a clubhouse of pragmatists; and so here a few of us sit, for hours each night, while an inundation of words that froth rolls through the rest of the House. Sometimes the bubbles of that froth are iridescent; sometimes there is a sparkle in the glass. But oh! how flat and stale the outpour usually, and how one longs to be elsewhere, in bookish cloister or cathedral, "safe in the hallowed quiet of the past."

NUITS ROUGES.

The village, when I saw it first in the sunshine of a summer morning, wore that air of innocent tranquillity that is especially characteristic of French villages. Its houses, shaded for almost half a mile on either hand by a noble avenue of acacias, lines the main road, which vanished into the forest of Fontainebleau at one end, and at the other turned into the smiling valley of the Loing. In one of these houses were my quarters—clean, simple, and happily devoid of stuffy upholstery and superfluous ornaments. I looked out of the window. A dog or two slept lazily in the sunshine; here and there an old woman sat knitting on a chair by the roadside; a horse, released from the shafts of his cart, was grazing under the trees. There was no sound but,

from the railway near by, the growing, passing, and diminishing roar of the Rapide on its way to the South. I do not mind the sound of trains passing; they prevent me from being lonely, and remind me of the great world that lies beyond these tranquillities. And looking out upon this scene I said to myself: Here I shall find peace; here, among these innocent souls, far from the distraction of cities, my mind will refresh itself; here in the sweet air of the forest my town-jaded nerves will be braced, and in tranquillity of body and mind I can labor at my appointed task.

I should have known, of course. I could not plead lack of experience; experience of France especially, where tranquillity is almost unknown. But I

am afraid I do not learn very well from experience; I find her a dull instructress. When I have stumbled with her through my lesson of the moment I throw all my books away; and in an examination in the faculty of not being taken by surprise, I am afraid my name would stand very low on the lists. This policy has considerable advantages, but it has disadvantages also, as in the present case. There were many signs for me to read, but I did not read them; I was pleased with the acacia trees and the wallpaper and furniture of my apartments, and I shut my eyes to other signs; although at least the word "*Ralentir*" in great capital letters on a board at the entrance to the village, and the piles of blue and red boxes by the roadside, with the words "*Moto*" and "*Auto*" conspicuously on them, should have reminded me that this was the national road between Paris and Marseilles. I spent some days in the gradual discovery of this and other things.

I will pass over the shrieks of the railway at night, loud and sudden shrieks, eloquent not of the rapid, humming passage of express trains, but of the endless shunting and marshalling of goods trains—shrieks that echo from one side of the valley to the other, and are of such startling, piercing, and angry quality, and rend the air with such surprising suddenness, that even yet they make my heart jump. I will not say much of the motor-cars, although for every hour of pleasure I have had in driving large motor-cars swiftly I have now paid, as is only just, an ample price from nervous punishment inflicted through their use by others. The French, who are great lovers of childish noise, are more fiendish than any other nation in the invention of dreadful instruments of warning for their motor-cars; and the motor-cars that rush under my window late at night and in the small hours of

the morning, with open exhausts and instruments of the siren and dying-pig pattern which always reach their high note just under my window, impart to my village world the character of a battlefield and a slaughterhouse combined. I will pass over the cats, whose dreadful nocturnal combats in the moonlight suggest the Day of Judgment; the procession of carts that begins at five in the morning, each bearing a sharp, loud and impudent motor-horn which the drivers toot during the whole of their slow progress through the village at every hour of the day; the shouting and badinage with which the street is filled; and the cocks—that demented race into which I sometimes think the evil spirit entered when it left the herd of Gadarene swine—raucously shrieking and answering each other throughout the short summer night. I will say nothing of these things because I have decided to except them; and I will come at once to the butcher.

Next door to me is a new and pretty house, the lower part taking the form of a neat little shop, the open front of which is always veiled by a gay striped curtain. On the morning after my arrival I was awakened from sound sleep by a great concussion, which was repeated several times, so that the room and the bed were shaken by it. I was not fully awake; and I had for a second or two that sense of great disaster which is produced by loud and inexplicable sounds in the night. But the concussions continued, and, becoming wide awake and listening, I heard that they were accompanied by human voices, so that at least, if there was a disaster, some one was up and knew about it. The sounds continued, and apparently came from immediately beneath me; as they recurred with great frequency and violence I abandoned my first theory that there had been an explosion as untenable. To my

amazement the voices accompanying them sometimes uttered themselves in laughter, so that apparently the occurrence, whatever it was, was not even serious. The sounds continued very spasmodically, in character something between the blow of a steam-hammer and the crash of a woodman's axe in a tree; and sometimes there was a whining sound like sawing, but the saw was working on something harder than wood; the note was shrill. And gradually the dreadful consciousness came upon me that the shop underneath was a butcher's shop, and that the butcher was in it, chopping meat. But what kind of meat? What joints were these, which had to be severed with such blows that the whole building vibrated; what chopper or cleaver was this, and what arm that wielded it? It seemed as though a feast of giants were preparing. I was so shocked and interested for a time that I hardly noticed the inconvenience of the hour, and later, indeed, fell into a troubled sleep.

That was the introduction to a form of torture which I have found quite unique. In the spell of terribly hot weather that has lasted here for more than a month it resolved itself into the following procedure. At about half-past two, or sometimes earlier, I would be awakened by a thud on the other side of the wall—that was the butcher getting out of bed. Two minutes afterward (so brief was his toilet) I would hear the opening of the shop doors downstairs; then voices would sound, not in low tones and whispers such as most people use who have to be astir when everything else is asleep, but loud and unashamed. On the other side of the road is a stable containing a horse and an ass; at a quarter to three some one would go over and harness the horse and put it into a cart. This was always the signal for the ass to break into a lamentable and incred-

ibly loud exhibition of that insanity with which the animal creation seems at times to be stricken. Then, or somewhere about this time, the first blow would fall—a sickening crash with a kind of softness in it, suggestive of the heavy steel tearing its way through flesh and sinew to the bone. Things in the room would tremble, and the loud voice of the butcher, rejoicing like a horse saying Ha! Ha! amid the battle, would rise to a shout, as though in a transport of joy. The horse and cart would then drive away, and there would be half an hour of chopping; a kind of epicurean chopping, done, one would say, more for pleasure than for necessity—a chop here and there, when the butcher's eye lighted on a more than usually provocative-looking joint—but not serious work. At about this time, too, the butcher began to make other noises, loud noises in his throat which I will not further particularize, except that they added in a quite dreadful way to the picture which my tortured imagination was conjuring up. Then there would follow a noise of sweeping, and of buckets of water being poured on the floor. What was it that he was sweeping? Why should buckets of water be poured on the floor? What stains were they that had to be thus washed away? And then the cart would come back, it being now about a quarter to four, and the horse would take his stand just under my window. He was fitted with a large collar containing a number of bells that shook whenever he moved; the flies would begin to annoy him, and he would shake himself about once every ten seconds; and once every thirty seconds he would strike his iron shoe on the cobble stones; this until six o'clock. And on the return of the cart the activity in the shop would become quite dreadful. There were evidently more people than one chopping, but the deep note of the first

chopper could always be distinguished in the grisly orchestra. Sometimes, when one was tired of chopping, he would take up a saw, and the whining note would be heard; but I pictured to myself the chief butcher being rather impatient of this finicking method, because when the sawing had continued for a little while there would suddenly come a mighty and sickening crash, as though the butcher could not restrain himself any longer; and the crash would be followed by a pause, as though for a moment even his gloomy passion had been satiated. But the pause would only be for a moment, and then serious chopping would begin again, accompanied by loud talk and laughter (and by those other sounds), until seven or eight o'clock, when I would rise, trembling and twittering, like a drunkard from a debauch.

Such a story could have but two endings; happily for me it had the least dramatic. The butcher, at my instigation, has been haled before the Judge of the Peace, and has by him been admonished and required not to chop before half-past five in the morning. But if it had gone on, if I had been by some fate compelled to occupy that chamber for a year or more, there would have been a different ending. The butcher would have died—by what means I do not know or care; and I should have been found chopping him with his own chopper on his own table into tiny little pieces, and laughing and shouting as I did it. And I should

The Saturday Review.

never have used the saw, only chopped and chopped again until the house shook. And I should have been led forth and hanged, and the papers would have dwelt indignantly, not only on the murder of an innocent and hard-working tradesman, but on the singularly brutal circumstance of the chopping up of the body; and no one, except the Providence that adjusted the human nervous system to endure to a certain point and no farther, would have understood.

I have never seen inside the butcher's shop; I have never, to my knowledge, seen the butcher. I do not know whether it was elephants or rhinoceroses that were dismembered in the fragrant summer nights; nor do I know what horrible sin of a former existence this man was expiating, that it was laid upon him to rise up from his bed in the soft, sweet hours of the night, and begin fiendishly to chop corpses with a hatchet. These things are mysteries; and when in the sunshine of day I pass the neat little shop, all modestly veiled behind its gay striped curtain, it seems to me entirely innocent, like the environment of a dream seen by daylight. But I know that it is not the place of a dream; and that, but for me, its innocent-looking door would nightly gape and pour forth a flood of lamplight on to the sleeping road, and that the village would resound to the blows of the chopper crashing through bones.

I am now practically a vegetarian.

Filson Young.

"THRAVELLERS."

"Thravellers," said Pat the gardener, pausing in the dull routine of an unnecessary struggle with the crop of luxuriant weeds which surrounded him, "did I know any to be thravellin' the world for their share in th' ould

days that's gone by? Begorrah! the counthry was just crawlin' wid thim thravellers, stravagin' an' dhanderin' here an' there, wheriver the'd take the notion, an' many an' many o' them I knew right well, an' the'd be in an' out

of our house that constant, an' stoppin' in it often, though there was the tin of us childher in the place already, an' 'twas small enough. Me mother she was very fond o' the thravellers, whativ'er their dalin's might be, an' some o' them 'ud be strange enough, an' she'd niver refuse the lodgin' to wan o' them. Moreover than that the'd all like well to be along wid me mother. The'd just come into the house, an' wid authority too, an' 'ud set down there, an' it 'ud be very plisant to hear them, for the' were the great old Shanachies, an' 'ud have all sort o' Stearmogs for you. (What would they be? Och! the'd be blatherin' stories like, that ye'd know would have no truth in them: meself I'd delight to hear them.)

"Troth there does be none o' the kind o' th' ould thravellers in the counthry these times—more's the pity of it! Mostly ye'd meet them thravellin' wid the big bags slung upon their backs, for the'd carry their little bed-clothes along wid them, an' all sorts o' thrifles—the wonderfulest things—ye niver knew all the'd have wid them that the'd gather as the'd go. The'd bring the tay an' mebbe the bread along, but I'd niver know any to be provided to a bed in the house—the'd g'out an' cut a few rishes, an' 'ud just make up a kind of a bed for themselves, an' the'd lie there to the fire very comfortable the night long, an' thin away wid them in the mornin', an' back again in the evenin' to you wid all the news o' the world. An' some o' them I knew to bide a month an' more in the house.

"Time was that I seen a power o' them to be comin' to this land. There was 'Granny,' that was a small little bit of an ould, ould woman, och she was tarrible blint an' ould for sartin, an' she had only the broken English whin ye'd spake wid her. 'Twasn't in any public way she'd thravel—och! not at all—she wasn't that kind—an' not to iv'ry house would she go—deed there

was very few houses in our land evenly where she'd stop. That an' all iv'ry wan called her 'Granny,' an' I niver heerd tell she had any other name. Begorrah! but it's very happy an' sprightly the most o' them does be, an' seldom would ye find wan to be crabbed like. Ef ye'd meet Tom o' Glan (that was another I'd mind, an' he was a bit simple an' disformed) ye'd hear him singin' away along the road like a thrish as he'd go, he'd be in such twist as niver was just wid the few pinnies he'd gather.

"Kitty O'Hara was a very religious woman (an' a wonderful sh Stout figure of a woman). 'Twasn't only an odd prayer she'd say, but she'd be prayin' nearly all her time whin she'd be wid you in the house. An' if, just be chanst like, ye'd let out wan little curse, she'd lift the sh tick, an' go for to bate you, an' ye mightn't come afore her any more afther.

"But did ye niver hear th' ind o' Marg'et Heslin that was fond of a dhrop now an' agen? She was afther attendin' a weddin' (thravellin' away Ballinamore side) a while back, an' the' got her the nixt day dhrownded in an ould bog-hole, for 'twas more'n the wan glass she'd had—the crathure! An' Michael Curly! That was the man 'ud make you die laughin', an' him in the house to you. Th' appearance of him 'ud niver lave me mim'ry—'twas that uncommon ye may say. He'd have a kind of a white fur hat on the head, an' he had a great beard on him, an' the legs bound up like a horse-rider, an' ne'er a boot, only soles on the feet, an' he'd carry a big sh tick in the hand, an' the bag upon the back. I mind wan mornin' in our house an' me gittin' the breakfast early so I'd go to me work, an' Curly had his bed made up there at the lower ind o' the house, an' he riz when he heerd me, an' sez he, 'Go back to yer bed, an' don't be risin' the disturbance,' 'What would

the gossoon be at?' sez he. Begor! he was an odjous funny man, was Michael Curly, an' 'ud smother you wid all the talk he'd have.

"Howsomediver the man that 'ud bate them all was Dudley Gallagher. There wasn't wan in the country but knew him—an' knows his name yit. He thravelled iv'ry place from Dundalk away down here. He was a tinker be the thrade, an' whin the people 'ud see him to come along there'd be great rejoicement in the land. None would refuse to give Dudley lodgin', for there was nothin' in Dudley but what ye'd like. Moreover than that, 'twas only in the best houses he'd take up his station. An' first whin he'd come this side he'd g'out an' he'd thravel round till he'd have a whole field full o' pots an' saucepans gathered, an' thin he'd set up his forge, an' he'd take an' mind all. The childher in the land 'ud all be comin' round to see Dudley work, as is the fashion wid childher, but he wouldn't let wan o' thim come nixt or near to discommode him—he'd up an' hunt them. He was a trimin'ous tall, thin, hardy cut of a man, an' he'd bring wid him a fine donkey that carried all, an' for a while there he had two wives (but the tinkers do mostly have more'n wan wife). He was wild—thim thradesmin do all be wild—an' he was fond o' the glass, but all liked Dudley, an' got great delight from him, for he was a thrained musician an' a taught dancer. He'd rise such a storm o' music wid the pipes as niver ye heerd, an' 'ud be playin' for the balls wherelver he'd go. That was a great way to make the money—to give a ball, an' Dudley 'ud often give a ball for a week. Many an' many o' Dudley's balls did I attind meself. He'd take a barn—Francie McCabe's mebbe, just for the whole week, an' 'twould be in the winther time, an' he'd have a candle, an' he'd play an' play. The people was all very innocent an' gay thim

times, an' there was odjous great dancin' in the country, what wid the dancin' masters, an' the taught dancers, an' whin Dudley 'ud be along to play for thim the'd niver be tired dancin', but would be at it till the daylight. An' thin the dancers 'ud lift the ball-money for Dudley, an' if the'd did well for him, an' he was plazed wid what he got he'd give thim a night o' the music free. But the last time iver I seen him he got very ould-lookin', an' he was playin' for a ball, an' the fingers was stiff, an' took cramps like betimes, an' he'd be to stop an' rub them wid lle afore he'd continny.

"Well, he had the two wives, as I was sayin' (that was whin I knew him first): Molly Weir was the wan, an' Molly Geir th' other (the two Mollies the people called them), an' betimes he'd have the wan along wid him, an' betimes th' other—och no, niver the two at the wan time—not be no manes! But bechans he wint off there wan day wid Molly Geir, an' Molly Weir was annyed that he'd do the like—mebbe she thought 'twas fast an' loose he was playin' wid her—an' she follied him out through the whole country, back an' forrard, an' niver quit till she got him again. An' where in the world d'ye think she got him? Away up there in the County o' Longford, an' him in an house of an evenin' playin' the pipes for a ball. Begorrah but she was that riz whin she laid her eye on him she whipped the pipes from him (she had a great fine sperrut of her own had Molly Weir) an' she lept on them, an' broke them—just snapped them. An' thin she let out a yell, an' wint for th' other Molly, an' if she did the people that was round was angry, an' would have checked her, for 'twasn't at herself at all the' thought she was, but, 'let her be, boys,' sez Dudley, 'let her be.' Betroth, he was a very fair man, was Dudley. I declare to goodness the' said 'twas a terror to see how the two

Mollies fought, but the prize was big mind you. So Molly Weir won the fight any way (she was a fine shtróng woman, an' fit to lave th' other Molly in smithereens) an' thin up, an' sez Dudley, 'Well done, Molly, well done, woman! I'll lave ye no more,' sez he, an' nayther he did till the day of her death, an' afther that I seen him to come along wid a third wife. Bedad Dudley was a very fair man—I'd know him to be that meself, for he'd give Molly the half of all the money he got, music an' ball money an' all—they'd niver rise a row over it—an' he'd have the whiskey for himself an' she'd have the tay for herself, but the'd both have th' baccy, an' the two would live as peaceable.

"There was wonderful divarsions in the land thim days, an' I remimber to hear tell of a great race there was, whin Dudley an' Molly challenged other to a race for half a crown. I'll warrant ye none was in the place but attinded that race. An' the' should hould Dudley in the house till Molly was away down the hill, an' as far as the shtick beyant over the river an' the' did so sure enough, but Dudley

The Spectator.

had Molly cotched—, 'twas great runnin' the' made—an' was back to the house afore her, an' Molly cryin' out, 'Don't be givin' him the money, 'twas no fair race, didn't he jostle me, an' us crossin' the field?'

"But none o' the likes o' thim does come along now that I'd see. Thim tinkers that was down the road ere last week—ye wouldn't know the rate o' them, nor where the'd be from, nor where the'd go, only I'd know on the accint the'd be out o' the West. Is it big rogues the' are? Och not at all! the're a harmless kind of a people, for all the'd be lyin' out be the roadside o' nights: the' do be rared to it, an' very hardy, I'm thinkin'. But some does steer a very curious course through the world. I might strike up a chat wid thim tinkers for a while now an' agen, but the're not the rate o' the' ould thravellers, not be no manner o' manes. 'Tis afther thim I'd often feel meself lonesome enough whin I'd mind how quite an' agre'ble the'd be, and how the'd come in an' go out wid you, an' 'ud have the Cead failthe from all. May they rest in glory, the whole o' them!"

Maude Godley.

THE DEFEAT OF RECIPROCITY.

Had Sir Wilfrid Laurier been able to beat the powerful combination of English Protectionists and French Nationalists it would have been a tribute to his personal popularity as well as to the electoral virtue of Reciprocity; for his Government was an old one, discredited by many small administrative scandals, and the swing of the pendulum was strongly against it. But the unpopularity of things American and the alarm of the Canadian manufacturing trusts have prevailed. The universal admiration entertained for Lau-

rier, and the special pride felt for him by his own people in Quebec, have been unavailing, and Mr. Borden, a patient, honest, sincere, and very competent politician, has at length succeeded in overthrowing the Liberal Government. Just as the House of Lords here, by throwing out the people's Budget of 1909, rehabilitated and revived the declining popularity of Mr. Asquith's administration, so the Tory party in Canada, by obstructing Reciprocity at the instigation of the Canadian Trusts and protected manufacturers, gave Laurier

what he believed to be a splendid opportunity of retrieving his credit. The contest has turned first upon the economic advantages and disadvantages of the Reciprocity Bill, which practically gave Free-trade in farm products along the frontier and reduced prices for agricultural machinery. It was, therefore, very popular with a great majority of the farmers, who want to sell and buy at the best prices in the best markets. It also appealed to Canadian consumers, who had for a long time been complaining of the great rise in prices. But there are specially protected interests, even in agriculture, such as the peach growers in the Toronto peninsula, who feared that they would suffer through competition from the Southern States, and in the cities of Toronto and Montreal, as well as in many of the smaller towns, the manufacturers hated the treaty as the thin end of the wedge, and as the beginning of a Free-trade movement for a general lowering of duties to a revenue basis. And this apprehension may be well founded, for the agricultural vote is growing at the expense of the industrial vote. When the next electoral revision takes place—and it is already due—the Canadian West will get a much larger proportion of representatives, and the Free-trade element led by the grain growers will be able to bring more and more pressure to bear upon Canadian Governments. The result of the economic controversy has been that many Conservative farmers, and others interested in fishing and lumber trades, have supported candidates pledged to Reciprocity, while numbers of Liberal manufacturers and persons under their influence have joined the ranks of the Conservatives. Mr. Borden, however, has also made a sentimental appeal to Canadian opinion on the ground that this Reciprocity Bill will lead inevitably to a political union with the United States, that

the interlocking of tariffs will cause the interlocking of Governments. All the foolish speeches made on the subject in the United States have been quoted, and these tactics probably account for Mr. Borden's electoral successes in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces.

On the other hand, for the sake of winning seats in Quebec, Mr. Borden formed an alliance with Mr. Bourassa, a young French Nationalist; and it was rather hard to keep the electors of Ontario and the English provinces in ignorance of the fact that while Mr. Borden was denouncing Americanism and appealing to British Imperialist sentiment, Mr. Bourassa was haranguing the Canadian French in favor of an independent Canada, and against any contribution from Canada to Imperial defence. These exclusive and mutually contradictory policies enabled Sir Wilfrid Laurier with some effect to denounce the combination as an unholy alliance, founded not upon identity of principles or programmes, but merely upon the desire of two contending and contradictory factions to turn him out of office. Among the many curious incidents of a lively contest one of the most amusing was provided by an advertisement of the Canadian Pacific Railway (whose directors were mostly ardent opponents of Reciprocity), stating that Reciprocity would advance the value of the Canadian Pacific's lands by a hundred per cent.

It is clear now that Mr. Borden will have a working majority independent of his allies, the Quebec Nationalists, and his victory must be interpreted as a temporary defeat both for Reciprocity and for the project of a Canadian navy. If Mr. Borden carries out his policy of a substantial contribution to the British Navy we shall have no reason to regret the defeat of the Laurier project. As for Reciprocity, that does not affect our trade with Canada, and we need not trouble very much about

it. Much sympathy will be felt for Sir Wilfrid Laurier, however, and some, perhaps, for President Taft, whose disappointment is naturally great. He is now left to face the electorate without a single achievement to his credit. Free-traders may console themselves

The Economist.

with the probability that the movement for a general reduction of the United States tariff will receive a stimulus from this rebuff, and this moral, we observe, is drawn by Mr. Underwood, one of the leading Democrats.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The latest volume in the series "The Bible for Home and School" is devoted to the book of Job, and is the work of Dr. George A. Barton, Professor of Biblical Literature and Semitic Languages at Bryn Mawr College. Few books of the Bible present a more inspiring subject of study than this superb poem in which the ancient problem of human suffering is treated with a depth of sympathy and a grandeur of conception rarely equalled in any literature. Professor Barton has availed himself of the fruits of the latest scholarship in his illuminating Introduction and in his copious notes. His temper is reverent, and his interpretation of the text is suggestive and helpful, without any flavor of pedantry. Not clergymen only, but lay readers and students of the Bible will find this commentary extremely useful. The Macmillan Co.

Lovers of the "Old Country" will welcome four books to be issued this fall by A. C. McClurg & Co. which deal with various sides of the life of to-day and yesterday in Scotland and England. Of the three books dealing with Scotland the classic "Annals of the Parish" of John Galt is reissued in an elaborately furnished Holiday edition, while "Aran of the Pens, the Glens, and the Brave," by Kenzie MacBride, describes and pictures one of the most picturesque and historically interesting of the Scottish islands. "The Pageant of the Forth" by Stewart Dick does

the same service for the shores of the Forth, and his book is illustrated from the work of the leading Scottish artists. "English Country Life," by Walter Raymond, the fourth of this group, describes the English hamlet of to-day, a service that may be compared to Miss Mitford's description of "Our Village" in the early 19th century. The illustrations in these books are by Wilfrid Ball, Henry W. Kerr, J. Lawton Wingate, and a number of Scottish Academicians, and they are reproduced in color and mounted on tinted inserts.

Decidedly one of the cleverest of the detectives who are figuring in current fiction, and crowding Sherlock Holmes harder than most, is "Average Jones." "On the walls of his quiet sanctum," writes his chronicler, Samuel Hopkins Adams, "may be seen the two red-ink dots on a dated sheet of paper, framed in with the card of a chemist and an advertised sale of lepidopterae, which drove a famous millionaire out of the country; near by are displayed the exploitation of a lure for black bass, strangely perforated (a man's reason hung on those pin-pricks), and a scrawled legend which seems to spell 'Mercy' (two men's lives were sacrificed to that); while below them, set in sombre black, is the funeral notice of a dog worth a million dollars, facing the call for a trombone-player which made a mayor, and the mathematical formula which saved a governor." To the winning of these weird trophies

Average Jones has brought not only remarkable natural acumen and exceptional familiarity with the methods of applied science, but amazing proficiency in the art of advertising—indeed, it is the lavish use of the advertising column that gives this ingenious series of short stories its individuality. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Virile, powerful, yet essentially warm in sentiment are the stories of railroad life that form the collection called "On the Iron at Big Cloud." Frank L. Packard has created a group of real men, the men who run the Rocky Mountain Division of a trans-continental railway. From the wiper in the round house to the superintendent, Mr. Packard knows and understands his men, and tells of them with sure touch, an unusual power of casual description and a depth of feeling that show his knowledge of both his subject and of human nature. The volume is an example of that rare thing—a collection of short stories that do not become wearisome after the first five or six. Any one who likes a good story, and particularly if he also loves his fellow-men, will appreciate Mr. Packard's stories. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

A shrewd observer, a keen but kindly critic, and an uncommonly amusing writer is the anonymous author of "The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman." (Houghton Mifflin Co.) Both domestic and social life furnish material for her sprightly comments, and not her contemporaries only, but thoughtful women of all ages, will appreciate their humor. "The first touch of age comes," she says, "when our children begin to dictate to us," and deftly describes her annoyance at having the duster taken from her hand, her bonnet and gloves fetched for her out of her sacred bureau-drawers, a carriage ordered when she insists on keeping an appointment in spite of a shower, and a trained

nurse set at her bedside when she is slightly indisposed. From the position of spectator into which her well-meaning children gradually shove her, she is alert to note the peculiarities of the generation upon the stage, and her satire of current fads does not lose in effectiveness by being mellow and optimistic. The chapters which she devotes to modern methods in the nursery will be of special interest to many mothers and grandmothers. A book like this serves a real purpose, and to be able to write it should be one of "the compensations of age."

The publications of The Baker & Taylor Co. for this fall include thirty-two titles. In fiction there are nine books—"Concerning Himself," by Victor L. Whitechurch; "Off the Main Road," by Victor L. Whitechurch; "The Third Miss Wenderby," by Mabel Barnes-Grundy; "The Soundless Tide," by F. R. Crichton; "Ember Light," by Roy Rolfe Gilson, "The Long Green Road," by Sarah P. McLean Greene; "The Hand of Diane," by Percy J. Hartley; "Where the Shamrock Grows," by George H. Jessop, and "Carey of St. Ursula's" by Jane Brewster Reid. In poetry there are four books—"Songs of Courage," by Bertha Gordon; "Hard Labor and Other Poems," by John Carter; "Summer of Love," by Joyce Kilmer, and "The Book of Scottish Poetry," by Sir George Douglas, Bart. The holiday books are "The Poets' New England," by Helen A. Clarke, "Loves of the Poets," by Richard Le Gallienne and the Centennial Edition of Forster's "Life of Dickens" containing over 500 illustrations. In the juvenile field there are "A Child's Guide to Living Things," by Edwin Tenney Brewster; "Child's Guide to the Bible," by George Hodges, D.D.; "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll; "Little Folks' Books of Verse," by Clifton Johnson, and

"Mother Goose," a new edition, edited by Clifton Johnson. The miscellaneous books are: "The Women of Tomorrow," by William Hard; "The Song Lore of Ireland," by Redfern Mason; "The Paracelsus of Robert Browning," by Christina P. Denison; "The French Blood in America," by Lucian J. Fosdick; "The Etiquette of Correspondence," by Helen T. Gavit; "The Life of David C. Broderick, a Senator of the Fifties," by Jeremiah Lynch; "A History of Architecture," Vol. III., by Arthur L. Frothingham, Jr.; "The Annexation of Texas," by Justin H. Smith; "Corpus Christi Pageants in England," by Llye M. Spencer; "Verse and Worse," by Jack Hazzard, and "A Tour and a Romance," by Alice E. Robins.

The title of Baroness Orczy's latest book published by the George H. Doran Co., is melodramatic in its suggestion: "The Heart of a Woman; The Mystery of a Taxicab." Certainly the plot revolves about an unlawful aspirant to a title, who brings suffering and injustice to a number of worthy people; there are two murders in the course of the story, and one unusual incident follows another, while we await the unravelling of the tangle with the traditional "breathless suspense." But that which lifts the book far above the commonplace story of adventure, is the fact that the emphasis of the story, and the standards of the characters are far from melodramatic. Read widely in recent fiction, and you will rarely find a woman like Louisa Harris. It is refreshing to find motives and emotions of a sterling, old-fashioned sort, in place of the complexity largely attributed to the modern woman. Best of all is the healthy, optimistic note which assures us that although melodramatic incidents really do happen, and to ordinary folk, every day, there are just as many people

whose instinct it is to do the clean straightforward thing, as there are of those who grope and fumble in a slough of psychological perplexity. A book so clever and so clear-cut should be welcome.

The first sensation of surprise which one feels in encountering a new English translation of Dante's "The Divine Comedy" soon gives place to pleasure and satisfaction as one turns the pages of the three attractive volumes in which C. E. Wheeler's new version is contained. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) The distinctive feature of this translation is that it is in rhymed verse, in the triple rhythm of the original. To preserve both the form and spirit of the original and to sustain the demands imposed by the triple rhyme and the relation of each line to the others is an undertaking of singular difficulty; but Mr. Wheeler's courage in essaying it is not more surprising than the success which he has achieved. He shows a nice discrimination in the choice of words; there is nothing forced in his rendering; and he has a rare sense of melody. His verse is as limpid and as unconstrained as if it were the medium of his own thought instead of a transference from another tongue and different idioms. This rendering of the familiar lines with which the third canto of the first book opens may serve as an illustration of the beauty of this translation:

"I am the gateway into sorrow's land;
I am the gateway to unending pain;
I am the gateway to the nations banned.
Of Justice was my mighty Maker fain;
In me doth power omnipotent appear,
And primal love and wisdom without stain.

Before me nought but things eternal
were,
And I endure to all eternity.
Leave hope behind, O! ye who enter
here."